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Nevaeh

Book: 49

## Book: 1 of Impressions

'There's a significant difference between falling in love and being in love. There's a significant difference between infatuation and falling in love.'

-Phil McGraw

-It is beautifully, disturbing-

A FLICKER... Of LIGHT... down deep in  
the lake bay... Off to the side... Just barely... you  
can see this light... On a DEEP... DEEP...  
DARKNESS, a teen girl has jumped in the water,  
off the falling down the golden gate, over her  
poppy love boyfriend backing her hart, after the  
first time they had sex, she was bad, and he was  
not good, she is 12 going 13, and he is a  
douchebag-bag- that need not live, yet I do not  
want to for I can walk into the school, with all  
know what I did... even if... Something

SHATTERING... is all I could hear after I was in the drink for a minute or two...

Noticeable... yet waterlogged... the sound was to my passing out ears; muted... I see my life flash before my eyes, I cannot quite make out... and I cannot make it stop think why I want to live now, you do not think about how much you want to live until you feel like you are going to die.

What it is saying... what is that thing saying to me... As it gets LOUDER. And- LOUDER... and so on... When we finally... she said- Understand... little girl you are in- hazard... she said this in robot impressions, yet as hummin look as it could be in a DISEMBODIED VOICE, she

looks the same as me- the same age looking at me,  
yet not a real-life girl- yet the body naked under all  
that to looks the same as me, yet all that tells  
the tale over her not being alive is that her eyes  
light up- bright blue, yet she has more feeling  
than I do on the inside, at that moment.

DISEMBODIED- she VOICE- HAZARD- Hazard!!!

And then I am saved by hearing and  
ripped out the water, before taking in too much  
water, in my lungs that it would be lights out for  
good.

I Frazeeer, have come to this thought,  
this for I went in after the robot impressions  
thinking she was the one controlling her mind,

telling this little girl to end it! Robot impressions now have a way to get into your head and control your mind and every thought... that you make or do... I would know... they are herring me and telling me what- I can and cannot do now even how I say this... that night after, the girl went to the ER and was said to be okay- there is FRAZEER-in his- rundown yet- cold modern- APARTMENT- FRAZEER'S FACE is distrusted over it all- seeing a young girl want to end it- and no one, but robot impressions caring- and even in that he was not sure. His eyes, snapping open, after passing out only over execution.

His face, covered in sweat, he is seeing her face over and over in his mind- and then of the other girl- who is a real girl yet not real life, think- why. Fading back, you can see him sitting there thinking hard about life, and the imitation of life, yet to this world, it is all the same. God, they can make real-looking kids- that have more wit than I, yet, I still have to get up to take a leak he said... grown... he makes... after eating a- pp- and J you can see him lying in bed, with the hand-held hologram of the events- looking his social page seeing that his friend's list is at the lowest it's ever been- over the fact that his girlfriend is calling him crazy- to all that is a woman- and real-life- hell- he thought I could not even get a robot



impressions girl to be with me now... (CRAZY BITCH) Sheets, tangled around his legs, and his boxers ripped. Alarm clock, playing something relentlessly cheerful, and he smashes it to the floor.

He Sits up... Wincing... the hologram dance in mid-air, in front of his eyes, and the thought or all the others play in his mind like a song, that will not end or stop, he/her all the thought, yet that is today's world hearing all the thoughts of everyone, can even take a shit alone, he said, that see through me, using my eyes cameras. Chatter- human and robot impressionistic chatter- children chatter- it all

runs through him, that just bends his thought  
and his mind till it feels like scrambling.

His ARM is Unbending it feels, he  
reaches for a BOTTLE OF PILLS, shakes out a  
couple and swallows them, and takes a hand full,  
knowing that robot impressions would not let him  
pass without singing well, of death consent, for  
them to inject, yet that is after being a given age,  
for them to say you have that right too.

Trying to forget... That is all is playing  
over and over like a real dream... like a dream- yet,  
there before him to see in the back of his  
wondering eyes. You are in danger... he hears it  
over and over... seeing her face, scared and alone.

There you can see him as he rubs his hands over his face. Gets back into our bed, hoping not to live another day like that, busting is a girl-bot, to pump his gut- not asking just doing without free well, there is no well given to a citizen, not after all the war.

## 2

His apartment, basic, drapes moth-eaten, dark, bleak, damp, dim, holes in the walls, on by a mouse, lights flicker, would subfloors, ripped up rugs, the place on like the rest of the world, one that is still standing from the early 1800's Billian- now about 200 years old, should be ripped down, said one robot impressions, that I would not

even live in this dump, Unremarkable, the stare is they give- creep like. Bearing the signs of someone who lives alone, that has lost everything along with his mind.

Shades were drawn... on-like the rest of the world everything in this dump must be down by hand, yet that is how he likes it, it reminds him of how the world was before, or even his childhood, and the flashbacks play on the full-color hologram on his wrist, screen, then back to his first love, first kiss, and first time falling in love- he was thinking- WHY...? A little messy, he wished to all that we are looking in on him, saying- do not look- on girl robot impressions said therefore no one likes

you- and why you can even get a girl like me- what happened to you... the imitation of life asked.

Now he is in the- SHOWER- now MORNING, the sun rising slowly, fog burning off- in the yellowing haze- of what was once a night-light by the red glow of all colors, and racing lights of cars, on tall soaring rams, linked to high-rises, and track-less trans, on maglev... Unlike all of them-FRAZEER-turns his face into the jets of water- showroom glass robot impressions looking over him in the room, not a worm- barley- hot- more like next to freaking cold.

I don't have any rights given if a robot impression wants to take over me, I don't have

any say in what a robot impression gives me, or how I should live my life, it's all There' say for they think is safer this way, not to have a say. They can age you at their well and your life at their well, give you smarts and take them back at their well- without your say to do say- your life is in their hands, and they do not have hurt as you know- nothing but could and monarchical- the way it must be... I can be inside a girl at any time too even if that girl at that time is a, masturbating 10-year-old, and I feel her coming out hard and she has no idea I am there- as they say looking over the youth. And I feel all over her lower tangling, as she trembles, I feel all that is her body in mine... at any given time.

Look at this man- broken well, he is  
shaving with a razor.

He is using his left hand, over the one  
that was rebuilt- Knicks the cleft of his chin, and  
the blood runs. 'Shit...' walking into the KITCHEN,  
it still early- MORNING, the streetlight has not  
yet gone out.

Stares down at the two eggs in a frying  
pan. Waiting for it to cook over-easy.

walking through the HALLWAY,  
MORNING sun rays shining in the windows that  
run floor to ceiling. He is now heading down the  
hallway. Loop-de-loop and-a pull- he makes a  
knotted tie around his neck, for the day to the

office. He takes a deep breath and... holds it,  
thinking about not letting it go- and the  
flashbacks start when he was a child. He kicks  
some neglected mail from the door and reaches for  
the handle and staring at him is the robot  
impressions mail girl saying- Hello, he does not  
respond. A modern, contemporary, up-to-the-  
minute- cold SUBURBAN STREETS like webbing-  
up high looking like ants below, high rise  
overlapping high rise, and runways- for all means  
of transportation. Concrete jungle, he... steps  
outside into the rush of all- more bots than life-  
scary he thought there taking over the race.



Into the flow of COMMUTERS heading for the elevated trains. Elbow to elbow- butt to butt, A river of mortality... and the smell of death, and the work dying like the sun, that has brunt way to scorching in the 50 years, that changed climate like humans, has changed some in look. FRAZEER moves along, like everyone else, not trying to stand out yet, does not blend in. Suddenly, his shoulders tense, along with the thoughts of all runs in his mind. That feeling at the back of his neck, all the non-breathing people, creeping upon him. Friendly- yet that may not be the right thing for this man, to deal with... He turns and sees... just kid robot impressions, along with real boys and

girls on their way to school, the bots know more he  
thought- said- said only.

A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS having more  
than a child- at play or finding their way in life-  
said. Just behind him, as I said- are all these-  
Humanoid, and all-around above, and on the ground,  
in design, but still obviously, a machine, yet looks  
like you and I. Metal and parts on the inside, and  
synthetic casings covering hydraulic muscles, on the  
inside, yet look like the skin on and hair on the out-  
like us. The thing senses his stare. Looks up with  
a muted HUM...

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ROBOT IMPRESSIONS-

(Metallic voice, yet human- to a point-  
sweet- kind... yet wrong...)

Good day, sir... she said... Frazeeer,  
speeding up his pace... to get away from her,  
weaving through the crowd to lose the robot  
impressions, that is just like his childhood girlfriend,  
she was made to be her- after she passed her  
mind is in the bot- it is her- yet not in her old body-  
just her ways- her thoughts- her mind- in a bot  
body.

There is nothing like have a young girl all  
pressed up to you feeling her hold body and chest,  
I remember the first time, I was nude in a bed  
with a girl, and her young face was looking at me

the way it did then 20 so years ago- it was wrong  
- the way I was feeling back now that I am older  
and she just a mind in a bot. I find it hard to love  
her - even if- she all there- yet not - yet they  
would say be happy what you got- and I said no.  
The holograms play on the wall screen, even if not  
asked to do so- for his amusement.

The street packed with traffic... shiny  
cars, that air stream in shape. Do we now  
comprehend this is- THE FUTURE- no...? Um- just  
by looking around- could heartless, lifeless, yet  
imitations of it everywhere. Towering apartments  
all over the place, he said under his breath,  
buildings block the sun, that so- hot it is going

could. Just like the mom and now the fake ones like the fake plants now up in the sky that we now inhabit also, that look like earth, yet are not the same, yet we live there, I could go there if I had the money. Yet why...? This hell land is where home is to me... you look up and see lush... and down here the leftovers of what they killed.

PERAMBULATORS are wearing their computers like form-fitting portable offices. FRAZEER-throws a look at his surroundings- say- 'MY GOD.' Up high an INDUSTRIAL ROBOT IMPRESSIONS rolls down the side of a building cleaning windows, looking into a nude teen girl about 14 who is shaving her vagina, legs part-

getting in there- and the look on both- is priceless-  
ha-um- there is still some modesty left in this  
world. Sorry, Miss- her green eyes- wet, and her  
brows bent, in mmm- and embarrassment... it said-  
in her internal ear- headset we all have this  
imparted at birth, to see and feel, and be as safe  
as they say- and the other chip- I shit you not  
the chip that runs it all is in your ass- and it all  
wireless- always in your head- chatter- the  
chatter of all, anyways he the bot looking in at  
this sweet thing did not stop its job. A WORK  
CREW of nothing but ROBOT IMPRESSIONS  
professionally repairs the street.

No human supervision, needed, life, and  
the imitation of it goes on. A ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS CLEAN-UP CREW. Lumbering  
along the sidewalk, they are scrubbing, sweeping,  
and doing the grunt work, like the black would say  
they used to do- like me.

Emptying trash... Humanoid ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS of those that are no  
longer alive, yet they are all there, yet to be  
soulless, impressions, of their old, and what they  
are not... dotting in and out of the crowd. Following  
their owners, and yet we do that- to keep them  
with us- yet they are starting to keep us. Walking  
slowly, intentionally, just Carrying boxes with

Amazon swooshes on it with a smile, droids flay  
around more than birds. Groceries getting,  
Briefcases, holding they do all the work and all we  
do is sit on our butts, playing with IT, or in IT.

Some get the bots to do that for them  
too, with dating them... just think a girl that is  
made for you and what you want- and well not-  
GIVE YOU FREAKING FREAK SHIT! You want a  
rub or a dip- there more than happy to do- yet  
they are as real as fake can get, they even bleed,  
and PMS- the baby- dollie has grown up- he  
thought- hastily.' I thought it- pissing was cool...  
back in the bad, they were coming out when I was  
five... and got one- a girlfriend- always.' stamped



on all the ROBOT IMPRESSIONS SIDES, a  
LOGO- ACTS SAFE, mind to mind. FRAZEER-  
stops to wait at a light with other WALKERS-  
think that what they take and give.

Directly in front of him, a LITTLE 5-  
year-old GIRL, with long hair down her back,  
clutches her father s neck, butt naked, cannot  
afford coverings, yet the bots have more. She  
smiles big at Frazeer, showing off her goodies  
from the back to the cold world. Front teeth  
missing.

'Hi.' she said in baby talk...

'LITTLE GIRL' nodes...

He saw her face fade off- he -walks  
onward...

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You are not allowed to talk to strangers-  
yet in his mind, he was chatting with the little girl  
like a dad to her- and a mate in a few years- it a  
plan he thought, he thought- so-o- she must be  
an awareness for now- we see- feel and  
corresponded someday- in the time given. Frazeer,  
sickened, at his mind wondering, think about her  
getting older- and the world, she should be dating  
at 7 he thought mine for the taken, and he stops  
looks around say 'MY GOD.' Has had enough... He  
steps off the curb, which is on-maned, just as...

THE TRAFFIC SIGNAL swivels around,  
saying go top speed and get there... Training its  
large digital EYE on him, yet he lost in his  
innocents- as he gets out now downtown- even  
denser. More TRAFFIC Light's more sound,  
crazier, yet, he was lost in the little girl, for she  
was not of this world yet.

Please return to the sidewalk, a bot  
said... 'Kiss my ass...' he said 'I do not think by law  
I could do that without you given rights... said  
the humanoid, of an older worker, 'umm' he said...  
FRAZEER-dodges several cars on his way across  
the street.

I passed a teen girl robot impression  
and he had red hair, she passed this year over  
singing out of real life, now she is an imitation of  
it- she had blue headphones on, big glowing green  
eyes with lashes, long, vary- very- pale toned skin-  
yet that is all that has imitation, tiny yellow  
hoodie, with Hello Kiddie on it... soft pink lips, and  
eyelids, pink, black, and white plaid skirt, a white  
and pink book bag.

Just bouncing along like there is nothing  
wrong with the world, she/her- yet, is she? Look  
at them with different hair colors, this one has  
red, from her brain scan before the end this is  
what she said she wanted. In two ponies... she

does not look left or right... lock in 14 forever. The traffic signal, tracking him, just like the government, and all that is higher than him.

You, sir- violate city, it said in his mind over and over- stick to the ordinance 14-A-1991...

FRAZEER-throws up his hand, saying get out of my head holding a pistol to his temple, yet no one around thought this was odd, just par-for the courses... in this world- that we live...

Flipping it the bird just as click- SPUR-OF-THE-MOMENT! It takes video of him, from above-down and around- 360, there is always an eye on you- in all places in every room, more than what is

right- so much it makes your body feel as it is you of itself.

5

A teen girl- said walking by 'I bet the Chinese food here is terrible?' 'Are you a cop-?' popping gum, what...? The little girl-?

'How's your Chinese food?' She said annoyingly.

'You keep on asking about that. Can't you, tell they do not have Chinese restaurants unless you go to that part of town? Let us everybody know-a you are a tourist, to get mugged.

Come on... he said to the girl showing her the way...'

It now later the same MORNING on the white- MONORAIL- FRAZEER-stepping onto a sleek, densely packed TRAIN, yet more imitations of life than life it is self. He Looks down at his feet, seeing his out-of-date shoe. A trampled caterpillar on the ground, he squashed, saying you are not going to be lovely either' U- DEAD.' Change in a' THEM' and he points- and all the walks that are imitations, a robot impression gets up, his hands to clean up the bug, saying that was on called for. Then he had offered him his seat, do him like if he was black- and wants his

rights. Frazee... all the plant life- dying- looking out as the train moves forward, he turns his back on him, he calls himself, John, he Pulls BACK from the window to REVEAL, that fact, he wanted to see the world that, I do not care for... Looking over the CITYSCAPE 1,000 feet (about the height of the Empire State Building) or so-o up, it is so-o emotionless, unsympathetic, unemotional, unfriendly, and taciturn; amber in color  
MONORAIL - CONTINUOUS to push forward.  
The TRAIN hurtling toward INNER CITY-center.

Spiraling, gravity-defying OFFICE BUILDINGS dominate the skyline. Older buildings



wedged among the new. Everything is protected by huge glass and steel shields. As we get closer congested roads, and freeways begin to disappear below ground into a series of subterranean tunnels. The old streets have become huge, spacious plazas, malls, shopping centers- schools, restraints, and shops. FRAZEER-he is moving now with the CROWD towards the doors of the aging... Police Head office- where he works. Modern accompaniments have been made to the original façade- creating an awkward architectural mess.

6

FRAZEER-arrives at his desk, 'The MURDER UNIT' is a vast open-plan situation

room lined on one side by a series of glass-enclosed rooms. On the other side a GIANT SCREEN with real-time video of various streets and buildings.

Unlike the others, it is a confused place to be. A slender computer screen curving along the front of it, you can see right through its translucent.

Quite a lot of electronic messages say the same thing, and nothing of relevance,' when they are nothing but dead guys and lady's- that when have- some new life make for them if they have the money and the wish after their body has been cut open and then burnt- SEE Her- 5 - see this one 10, see this girl to 6- all dead- kids that do not matter, over the fact they just wanted out of

this world and did not have the money to go out into space for a real chance!

'The MURDER UNIT' is more like the sing yourself out the program- he said, and I am sick of seeing your faces, saying they cannot take it.

~\*~

Our jail was condemned this morning. He said to a girl- for touching a feeling... That is why we are bringing you all-out to the state corrections facility.

Unlocks the gate! He said- to a young girl- that took it to fare with a girl on the street,

getting her exposed more than law lets- for the age.

~\*~

Go on through.

(Prisoner's cheer and whistle!)

Hose her down... at the end of the cage.

Photo, ID, and Number- and chip implant  
this time saying you are a- what you are... with  
the others that are mind-reading and body  
override- in your BUTT HOLE- just around the top  
of the- orifices- tween here and there miss! He  
spoke.

Spread... THEM...!!!

(Boss)

Ever heard the phrase lead by example,  
his boss said- if you do not like to do the same,  
your replaceable? FRAZEER-looks up, saying ' then  
move me to a new department.' What? He said to  
her- You stick out like a sore thumb around here-  
me?

What about you? I fit in better than  
you. At least I am wearing cowboy boots, after all  
that what they did back in their days. And you  
just shot them in the head and got it over with.

REPLACEMENT SAM DERGING stands  
in front of his desk, holding up a CITATION with  
a photo of FRAZEER-giving that traffic signal,

and some young girl robot impressions the finger.

Do you know what the minimum age for self-execution is in New York? - About sixteen?

Freaking- Ten, this is sick, you do not make the laws- they do. He was chatting with a girl in his mind, not too... FRAZEER- It is on your badge, and this is what you trained for- so let it be.

FRAZEER-takes the citation. Drops it into a drawer filled with about fifty others.

Do you know what happens in this piece?' Yeah, I know what happened. She said all young and prissy.'

'There's often a big girl named- Bertha no one will mesh with. She will protect- you like-

like - if you become her sex slave and do whatever she wants, got that kid?

Why would they bring you in here, asked the girl she was now rooming with?

'I just got in.'

'I asked for the new girl, and they gave me you.'

'...And they brought me here.'

Hey, he's sleeping', huh? Cute Little girl.

'...Four to one room...?'

'Yah!'

You know, I will just start with you.

'Let her sleep a little bit.'

'- Look, I don't want to do this.'

'- Hey, I don't blame you at all their  
girlie.'

'If I were in your situation, I would  
want to get through this -whole- thing... ...As  
quickly and with as little pain as possible, popping  
it in and out.'

'So-o tries our best to make it a modest-  
little- sweet- in-and-out procedure, with you and  
me and her.'

What is the matter? Her face horrid,  
and her knees knocking!



Relax, lessen... hands-on the girl's shoulders.

We should spend like a twosome or threesome of minutes together- like before we get well to it.

You know, to get acquainted before, get all screwed.

'- What's wrong with you?'

'- I don't want to do this.'

'Hell, I understand, but what are your alternatives?'

'My alternatives?'

'To what?'

'To you?'

'I don't know. Madness. death- hugging,  
cutting.'

Look, it is either me or them... You're  
getting' fucked in the puss, one way or the other.

Hey, hey, hey. She jumps up on her  
knees...

'Lighten up, OK-ay?'

'Don't worry, I'm going to keep you.' G-  
ee, thank you.

Excuse me, but I think a modicum of gratitude would not be out of Line here...?

'- You think I should be glad?'

'- Yes. I mean it's your puss, not mine.' 'I think you should be glad.'

I think you should be down on your f\*ckin' knees.

I did not know your visit was such an honor.

'I'm doing' a favor.'

'Like- you're getting' me for nothing', you little shit.'

'Girl, that's one hell of self-worth you've got.'

'What the hell is your problem?'

'- I did not come here just to get rubbed off.'

'- No. No, nopper.'

'I'm not fingering you off.'

'I'm not doing anything.'

'You're on your own.'

'I'm just taking care of Sleeping Beauty.'

'- Hey! girl.' vagina slap-

'- Back off.'

'Hey...'

You know her... she said 'yeah- she's my old girlfriend from high school, I thought you were dead, nope started over and it did not go well, even if someone else is in my old body.' I am here because of a body transfer. I did not do anything, yet it all a plan...

(Here and now)

DREDGING, the traffic division filed an official complaint this morning.

FRAZEER, the traffic division is a machine, just like what that girl became.

Look, I know there is going to be an adjustment period, Sell... whit it... with you- her and the dying world.

FRAZEER- (disturbing)

'I'll send them a letter of apology... to your ma- for you crying at work.' Some flowers. A box of chocolates... and your head in a box, at the door, if you don't shut that hole in your face, and Sell...' JUST THEN Frazeer's phone 20 RINGS. He throws Dredging a look at it and them. Then snatches up the receiver, that built into his ear, and takes the call. 'Murder...' FRAZEER-speaking!

An ad for *Chatubate* is running asking for young girl models, to make the only entertainment in the town, with the sexy young ladies on it, that makes you feel the simulations of them, though your body, as you see them spread, if you want to or not you feel them- all of them, sex is all people think about anymore- God, and he was whom?

U.S.A imitations of life-

ESTABLISHING - DAY an extensive glass and metal complex covering many city blocks. The entrance is a large plaza filled with PEOPLE and ROBOT IMPRESSIONS, that look just like you

and me. He thought- 'Essentially, I have two speeds... Hostile or smart-ass. Your choice.'

The U.S.A. Impastation's- skinny  
COPPER PASSAGE, though the budding its - DAY  
14, of the month, yet you must look at your phone  
to know that also, for were all so dumbed down,  
over government control. An elevator opens with a  
hiss, and there is FRAZEER-and he steps out into  
a featureless corridor. 'The humorous thing about  
facing imminent death is, that it certainly snaps  
the whole shebang of everything that is else into  
perspective.'

'A friend of mine once well-defined love as  
finding someone, that you can talk to late into the



night.' Hell, I can get a robot impression to do that for me now.

His footsteps, echoing, in the long yet vast spaces, that are unsympathetic and modern. He stops at a set of DIFFERING DOORS.

He just looks over at one, when the other suddenly OPENS, to his thoughts, as if it could read his mind and like it and all in this world at any time it could. Pushing and shoving into the CONFERENCE ROOM, INCESSANT, a heartfelt, mahogany-paneled room, with LED lighting, emotionless, feeling. In sharp dissimilarity, unlike the taciturn metal space outside. FRAZEER-steps inside the room and slams his ass into a set hard,

at the end of a long conference table sits an Older MAN, with Glistening blue eyes, that are next to death, and lost in time with his style wearing an old-fashioned suit, tie.

Hello, there... Please come in... said the Older GENTLEMAN!

FRAZEER-hesitates...

'It's all right.'

FRAZEER-

(interested)

Are you offering me a cup of coffee?

'Would you like some- coffee?'

'Sure-'

FRAZEER-does not look left or right, or  
around the room at all.

The older Man lifts a coffee pot, for the  
robot impressionistic dispenser. Pour some coffee  
into a single cup, is what he did with his hand  
weak and shaking.

'Yes- yes- yes...' he said over and over  
lost in his crazy.

Nevertheless, you are to say, 'no, thank  
you,' to me right- over the trust.

FRAZEER-nods a little. The elder man raises the coffee to his lips but does not take a swallow yet.

He sits it down- to a thought...

'As you wish, buddy- I don't give two shits- I- trust 'till not- so-o.'

He does not move...

'Oh my...'

'Um...'

There is no movement except for a whisper of steam rising, from the coffee cup, in his shaking hand giggling about; following the same

trail.' Do you want to tell me something about Dr. Smith?

...And... About your upcoming death, of old age?

The longstanding man smiles, happy with his life, and what he has done.

8

I understand that your planed death is at the end of the month- (considers, it what his to be done with me...)

What do you want me to do with you? -  
Nothing specifically, just take over what I did with the imitations, they were my life and my kids.

FRAZEER-shifts his weight, from one butt cheek to the other. Nervous, about the thought of nothing but robot impressions taking over the world, with no life, behind it. Under normal circumstances that would not be enough to get you an investigation, sir, yet I must cover the fact you want robot impressions to do your life's work.

'But this is not normal?'

...circumstances, is it, Investigator

FRAZEER-is it?

'No! It isn't, ...you're so brilliant, I can see you doing something so foolish.'

Frazeer's losing his patience... said come on... this is the world and babies and kids... and you are going to sell them out, to immersions.

JUST THEN the HOLOGRAM of DR. SMITH vanishes in a burst of LIGHT ONE WEEK HAS PAST SENSES, as does the table, the coffee pot, and the conference room, SHOW NOTHING BUT EMPTINESS, AND A CHAIR. Frazeeer, suddenly finds himself standing in- in front of a LARGE VIEW SCREEN inside a SMALL METAL CHAMBER, This WAS HIS LAST THOUGHTS AND WISHES. NOW ON THE HALLWAY, in a car that is driving it's-self - middle, DAY even if there is not much sun, shine, FRAZEER-steps out into

the hallway and into... AN BODYGUARD that also  
is a girl ROBOT IMPRESSIONS.

Please follow me. BODYGUARD ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS, My God he said, in his thoughts.

FRAZEER-unenthusiastically starts to  
follow it.

Passes another doorway were the

CONSTABULARIES see thought TAPE,  
that is also a hologram is stretched across it.  
Catches a brief sight of...

DR. SMITH'S BODY, laying a plastic box  
off to be burnt, his eyes still open.



U.S.A imitations - COMPANY

BOARDROOM - DAY with only imitations of life,  
and I- myself.

Two large doors emblazoned with the  
LOGO opens automatically, yet that everything in  
this world god forbids that you get off your lazy  
ass.

Inside, an enormous glass-enclosed  
boardroom looking out over the entire complex, up  
scary high. FRAZEER-walks through the doorway,  
looking baffled. His escort automaton trailing  
behind him, more alive than- he. An army of  
corporate types sits around a discussion table.  
Young- Energetic, they are, and oh so cold and to

the point, yet, right in their wrong to me. As if-  
you can practically feel the wits and desire.

FRAZEER- 'Usually, I ask who's in  
charge... yet I can see that is no one...'

'Hmm- they say, we as the new board  
are here sir...'

Frazeer's eyes lock with an imitation of  
a MAN sitting at the head of the table.

Handsome, charismatic, to him yet saying whip the  
smear off his face and show respect.

'The hell with you-you're just robot  
impressions...'

'I am now the CEO if you like it or not.'

I smile, saying sure Sunnie sure you are.

Pretends to coach his individuals, as to  
why- yet they do not see.

Looking back on the motion picture of  
the doctor, it is slow appearances that show him  
slipping. Remind me to cut back on my talk, that  
these are his wishes.

LAUGHTER starts within them at me.

They say to me- 'Welcome to our  
systematic ways of the world...'

Private detective... I for one regret you  
are not visiting us under more agreeable joyous

environments. Allow me to introduce Mr. McGraw,  
our head of Legal Affairs, over yet- Sell...!

'Hmm...' A precipitately graying MAN,  
that was just made for the job the day before is  
saying this to me, leaning against the wall. He  
Nods, like a diplomat hello, there.

(More like a dipshit) my thoughts and  
they no... they no...

The one over here the gentleman to my  
right is Dr. Sifiled Lanning, Director of Research,  
also over you- do you hear me- and the pints,  
pounding my chest. Sifiled Lanning, only one there in  
a tie. I just Nod, smiling like a dumb ass, to their  
preeminence.

They will be accessible to answer any questions you might have during your examination.

You will understand how anxious we are to resolve this matter, especially before the press gets wind of it. There are some anti-robot impressions sentiments out there as you know, Dick, and we are not eager to stir them up. So-o, where would you like to begin?

I, can begin and get done with this BS, with whether the old man put a gun to his head and pulled the trigger, or he passed of old age, you were handed this with you being made the day before overall them down there- them being life, how do you feel- or can you?

A profound wave of tension shoots  
through the assemblage.

MCGRAW- Sir- You do not have to  
answer that, or anything you have be overruled, by  
us, and it in symbols, and text and coded in our  
brains, as yours- do not overstep.

SHEVELET- waves me off as if I am a  
young punk.

SHEVELET- You can assist us here, and  
if not... there the door.

All and sundry look down at the other  
end of the table.

A-BEAT, then an attractive young girl  
gets to her feet, also not alive. FAITH HELLEN-  
Hair untucked by her ears. Looking at everyone  
but Frazeeer, she had no time.

HELLEN- Dr. Smith was a schizoid  
disposition who eschewed community dealings.

Rejecting individuals in favor of solitary  
happenings involving machines.

He spent all his time at the lab here or  
his lab at home, I was there you were not- you  
were not even thought of yet.

As a result, he was highly susceptible to depression, yet you do not see- you see nothing as I do.

9

Dr. HELLLEN- is our Chief Psychologist, she knows more than you well ever- sir and yes, she was made to in a day- before you say it.

FRAZEER- If that was your diagnosis, why did not you see this coming, then you do not know as much as you think you do. HELLLEN- turns to his look. Finally meeting Frazeer's eye, saying what if I were meant to fall in love with you what would you say or do? I would say BS; I would never fall for your type. I feel the same over you.



ELLEN- This is U.S.A Imitations AKA  
DICK, um- Detective, if you can give that name,  
or title to some so vulgar.

Eighty-five percent of our employees fit  
that portrayal- does it not.

KANNING- (interceding)

You will have to excuse the doctor.

We are all a little on edge.

This has been a difficult and emotional  
morning.

FRAZEER-throws a look around the  
room.

Then back at HELLLEN- 'Yeah,' he said.

'I can see You're all broken up, just like you can see us, really caring.'

SHEVELET- responds to Frazee's skepticism, saying something we could not repeat- it was stricken for the record.

SHEVELET- Dr. Smith was at my side from the very beginning of this company, I may not have been there, yet we share minds. We developed the Acts of imitation together. But then again, these days science is a young man's game. By the time you hit thirty your best years are behind you, we will be here doing this, and you will be ash- and pissed on.

Some of us are kicked upstairs, to  
become one of us if they have the money, and now  
we feel the need- be- we- or us.

Others I'm afraid ant' so lucky.

SHVELET- stands- then bowing...

This Meeting is now over and final.

I did not say... All their hand makes a  
shushing finger of their lips... such... you do not  
have a say...!

He walks out not looking or shaking a  
hand, they are not real, there is no disrespect  
there.

Piss on that shit- he said going down  
the hall...

I must look more into this and look at  
the steamy dump this man gives me now, to suck  
it up and deal with.

10

SHEVELET- Dr. Smith took his own life,  
it was said to us, if you like that or not also, so we  
could be here, Detective. Dr. Swon will make  
himself obtainable if you have any further  
questions. I trust you will come to the same swift  
conclusion, FRAZEER-looks over at HELLEN.

FRAZEER- HELLEN, was unhappy with this arrangement.

HELLEN- I want her to help me. That is not my department...

SHEVELET- (pointed) METAL HALLWAY is all you can see for what looks like forever - Faith would be happy to aid you. Besides with a gesture, SHEVELET- dismisses everyone.

People start getting up, assembly up and gathering their things, filling out. Faith HELLEN-. The last one to get up. FRAZEER-and HELLEN, heading down the same hallway he was in beforehand, or formally. Catch sight of a couple

of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS TECHNICIANS,  
make more robot impressions imprisons...

FRAZEER- Ah, Christ... Toasters... that  
what they all are, and freaking can openers- one  
pops and the other skews off- ha... (under his  
breath, he giggles.) As they duck under the police  
tape and... some of the girls in the room run at  
fear of him, and his look, and his look. ... enter  
SMITH'S lab, with me and she, the girl that is  
the head of the psycho- crap. Alive with activity.  
LAWBREAKING ACT EXPERTS, ITINERANT  
INVESTIGATION COMPONENTS. Rays of  
beams SCANS, running across...

SMITH'S LIFELESS FACE is shown to  
all that want to see that have worked for him,  
like a wake, yet not, more demining than anything  
to me, nude- always nude- to she died they say, and  
what an imitation- we never have to the full.  
Fanning out around his contorted lips is bluing.  
Everywhere, they are- everywhere- I throw a look  
around the lab- imitations. Mostly incomplete...  
UPPER BODY... ARMAMENTS... FORELEGS...  
Floppy from the ceiling... Passes them by... A  
SERGEANT, that passed me.

SERGEANT #1 and Sargent #2- They  
say the price's going to come down a- lot next year.

Cool, huh? The one said that the other,  
like robot impressions- ha, yet they are that-  
wah-a?

Oh my... I thought- without really  
thinking.

I know I am so mortified!

And holding my birth without resizing!  
Like them, their chests never- ever move, creepy.

HELLEN- Detective? Is everything all  
right?

'Um- No.'

'Oh- my...'



How cool will it be when one takes your  
job, I thought yet she heard in her brain. I,  
pushing past her. Her eyes, darting around the  
room not looking at me, so disrespectful- I  
thought to try not to for she can hear my  
thought like they and them- and you are too.

11

(Forward a week)

I got a new girl this week age 10, and  
she wants death to come, by injection, over this-  
and I must sign her out, so she becomes imitation,  
where there is no harassment. A girl-on-girl case,  
of young lust- hum, its- her wish I must obey-no?  
come on sweaty were going to take you under, and

she marches in the room naked as the day she was born 10 years ago, and robot impressions, odds on (Xights)- robot impressions to whip out life in a human way her, young body, and take her awareness that is all of her they say and puts into the imitation, for that real life. Then all that is here is downloaded to a chip and placed in the new body, and the old one piss on, and brut, and made ash for the roads or something like that... she did not have the money to be shot light-years out into space at only 10, and mom dad, give in before she was 5, so-o we wonder- right?

(Reading the reports)

(See was crushing on this girl... right boss?)

Boardroom with the time, of 50 or so in the department -Her- Ella, that is what she wants to go with here- well call her this name 'Just want to no- like now or back in the day could marcel and you have dated or had sex together at some point.'

The girl' Never. And never would.'

(This is what end real life)

(Board- so-o)

'Keep reading!'

She like a girl that is a mom over she  
could not get a significant other or girlfriend- (gay  
girl) over her bad rep. or something guys.

-AND-

They said on the board.

'So, she gets a No.'

(So-o)

Reading- '...You have 3 kids, and lay on  
your backside for anyone, and you can be nice to me  
who the hell do you think you are...' (Okay- who is  
she)

'What?' They said...

Read guys for one, I have two kids... to the same person. Also, my life is not your business...

I was with the same person for three years, so, I do not need you to ask me, who I am. Secondly, I do NOT lay on my back for anyone.

Who I have slept with, when I have slept with and currently sleeping with, wouldn't be your business anyway? And be nice to you? You just asked a female if she would have sex with you?

So, I do not know WHO the hell you think YOU are. You know they make a store with toys if you have sexual desires. I can give you the address if you like.

Well, isn't that just something a gentleman would say to a lady? What is wrong with you?

Do you have some serious issues? Isn't that- consider being sexual assault? Saying such vulgar things to a female?

(When you are nothing but wrong)

The board- (We know this one and she up to old tricks no... let her go... she a waste of life.)

Considered- they say- we well, it is her wish and law say we can stop her if she has the money for death, or we see the need and the city

see's the need too- end of the story. This is a  
mistrial, I said throwing up my hands, she a kid- a  
child! What wrong with you all...

Read- they say- with rolling eyes and no  
time- and I care fewer attitudes to her and her  
story-

'...There is no law online or on Facebook  
to stop this shit isn't that some carp, hey look,  
you know we have been friends for years, and I  
know you and your family, you have done well for  
what you have gone through, I thought, I just  
need to know where I stand, is that okay, do you  
get what I am saying... for not Stacy would get  
what I am saying we have chatted over the

years, about me and my life, in the town and just like you it not to nice... we all need love no?

'Stacy is the girl?'

'Dumb shit- it's her sibling- see what I am saying- here...'

'...And you're going to- kill her...?'

Read- they said- and they do and their tablets-'...Uhm, I've said, 'hi' to you. We have never had anything other than that. I am not interested in you. And yes, there is a law... and that's harassment... and my family would put your ass on blast for talking to me with such disrespect!

...So good luck. And love? -wtf.'



(True- true- they said all shitting  
thought the same hole-)

Ella's friends then?'

'Absolutely, not and I'm good...'

'Why?'

She asked here...

'I don't want to be,' smart like... she  
said to her.

(AND) ...get on with it... you are wasting  
our time.

Stop talking to me.

Board- And she did not so she is right  
for saying it harassment- no?

'Me- are you freaking kidding me...'

'That enough out you and your  
belligerences...'

U-ah and make a retard- hand gesture,  
smacking his chest!

'...That is nice for someone that loves  
God so- to push others away...'

'God is not a real thing- man...'

I said' M-mm I forgot that he was still  
hanging on a stick somewhere, for you to shove  
your dick into- right, that only way you think

someone is alive and real these days, is if you can do just that.'

(Glaring and stern looks he gets by the board.)

'And that's nice for someone who loves God to say such messed up shit.'

(STOP)

'Huh? sex before marriage is a sin, isn't it?'

...?... Blank looks by some...

'Christ, yeah- that all kids know how to do!'

Blink- Blink- Blink- is all they did...

'Love that you say his name yet don't know what it stands for... people.' I said... fast.

Talking profound is a sin... please learn the Bible... and- and- also. I do not claim to follow the Bible. You know nothing about me.

(That is not what her dad preaches... or what the school would say in their reports.)

I will pray for you... was said... 'hoo- a- tha- ah-ar-a team-om-a- whom-a lay-sha-ma-ha,' and he raised his hands to the cling.

'...Okay, that's enough, and I pull my gun, to his face saying, I'll blow your fucking head off!'

(Oh my!)

They were all mortified.

The Hammer fall- saying I have the  
floor- sit!

(READ)

'...And who is to say, like- it could not go  
there, I do not think, yet, if I were a football play  
or someone, that would be a dick to you would fall  
all over it?' ...Would you not, if you would let  
yourself get to know someone before- arbitrating,  
judging, mediating, and labeling them, and have  
some thought behind it; (and yours only) of your  
own to make an educated opinion, maybe you, and

these girls around here, that think their ass is  
hot when it's not, would not end up crying over ass  
that just doesn't respect them- like you.'

(She has a point here... said one.)

Yawning... by others, not wanting to hear  
it.

(That is not saying anything to me)

'That's over the fact you're a dumb  
shit!'

Read- 'I am not out to do anyone harm,  
I love everyone and anyone for whom they are.

'You know that...'

'I am straight...'

'Yet, you're here and so am I...'

'I know that one was in question...'

'What is wrong with this town?'

(See- see- blaming us- when it is her-  
that is OH SO-O wrong.)

'...And the people we do not change their  
simpleminded mentality, toward what they do not  
understand, and they do not want to understand  
me, and do not want to then, so shut up...'

'...About me them right...'

'I say missed of crap?'

'Well, it got you to chat no...?'

'I am with you, but come on we all know, that you did that don't lie, the sex before, and yes it a sin, yet then that why we have Jesus, to forgive- no?"...and even so, life is too short when you're young to think about that too- right?'

'I have girl... I have read the New Testament, and have a college background in it more than you, and I am very sure of it...'

(So-o yet again...)

(None of these matters... yet you get a boyfriend that is here saying slurs, that is simple,



protecting something he does not care about  
either so why is he doing that...?)

(Why do they care?)

Read- 'I don't need to know anything  
about you- a girl!'

'...See this is how this works, 'Hi' 'Hi' - 'I  
think you're cool.' 'You do-?' 'Ah- thanks' yah- want  
to chat- sure, (want to talk about things? 'Um-  
sure'), and you freaking get to know them...'

'You're missed up for saying- that- I  
am- missed up, before getting to know someone,  
you have to try, you don't what to do that, so  
why- do you feel as you do?'

'...And do not give me slurs, say why...'

(The WHY ???)

'I am a girl- with all that comes with being a girl, what have, I did I do, in my life of to you that is so wrong, that- I have to be pushed out?'

'All you girls say the same shit and say nothing... saying it.'

'Just say what it is, that I have done, to be so disrespected...'

'Also- by all the girls in this town, and by some like them- and the likes of you, and do not say it now, I went about starting this chat, with you;

it was just seeing... what you would say, and I am sorry for that, I knew- that you should get it... if not think about it.'

'...No pick in it was going there with bowing space jets.

Tell me the way, in more than a fragment, and I will say goodbye.'

'I don't have to explain myself to you. And yes, I am WAY too good for you and yes, I am a pretty girl. And please go learn how to spell and use grammar. Because you make no sense.'

'So, you think that you are being used up, is too hot for me, you think that- so where do I

stand with my girl, selections- you tell me, where I rank...'

'You asked me to have sex! I never came to you, never messaged you. (Because I would not), and I am not a high school dropout. lol, I have my diploma. You rank... nowhere!'

'On a scale of 1-10.... you're like -100.'

(So- you all wonder why- I get it I have done here...)

This was heirs, and I keep it her bracelet with her name.

12

(Back)

Yeah, I said, along with oh my, and the thoughts of how horrified, like- I was to all and everything. This is just how- um like- that- I like my robot impressions in smithereens. As they approach Smith's body, the lead WRONGDOING ACT SLEUTH, BLADES, get up to meet them.

'Can you believe this, man?'

What?

'Can you believe this shit?'

'Excuse me...' and he snaps his wrist, by twisting- you no shit about this man- a good man!

'Now go fix that...'

U.S.A Imitations... I did not think, I would ever see the inside of this building, back then. #2 Hands Frazeeer, a plasma clipboard. FRAZEER-signs it, awkwardly. With his LEFT HAND...

FRAZEER- What is the run-down?

BALDEZ- Smith, sixty-five years old.

The weapon a small caliber .23, registered in his name, was death we said to them, all of them down there. Looks like he walked in, locked the door, and snuffed himself out, and that is what is going to be reported under-stood, and we are running this now- and well keep doing so-o it was in his well to do so-o.

I started, cocking up blood, his head turned to look at Smith's face, one last time on the hologram screen. I said I know someone who disagrees with you, BALDEZ who? all- him- is this one here- me- pointing to himself- he was.

I then stand up...

Pointing down at Smith, he was- oh- me.

Him- man 1, said, that is a nobody, and he points to me, that is someone.

'I see this all play out, they're showing this...' I said... 'okay' ...And 1, 2, and 3, the guy is stepping over the body, leaving a confused, miss-Baldez. Stepping deeper, into the lab, HELLEN-

Following, saying it is all staged, get the unmanned news here.

'I spoke to a dead man today,' I said-  
we chatted, over his broken wrist, that he got  
somehow, it was bike riding, or doing his mom-  
something like that. Want to tell me about that?  
I just did...

(Eyes roll)

Therefore, you get paid here; an old  
friend slaps him on the back.

...Drop...

'We are backbit CPUs, so we no more  
than you will ever...' said the one Imitation.



HELLEN- Dr. Smith's hologram took his appointments. Attended staff meetings. He hated corporate life. The hologram enabled him to focus on his work. It is just a device, Detective.

FRAZEER- 'A device that called the police is this thing here, well I feel safe.'

HELLEN- 'The sound of the gunshot would have retriggered a 911.'

FRAZEER- 'Nevertheless, the call came in a straight line to me.'

HELLEN- 'We're talking about a mechanism designed by Smith to say provocative things. To aggravate and confound his colleagues.'

FRAZEER- 'Besides that's what you think it is?'

HELLEN- 'I'm sorry, but this whole examination is the result of a dead man's toy messing with your head, such as you. They pass half a robot impression, hanging from a hook, saying this is one that they rebelled on today over you and all this leaking. FRAZEER-curls his lip swivels the robot impressions' head so-o it's not looking at him, saying maybe it needs to be said.'

FRAZEER- When was the last time any of you spoke to Smith? I mean human to human. You said what to do- and he did not?

'So-o we, need to do what?'

'I say- push him out!'

HELLEN- 'I couldn't say- yah- or nay.'

HELLEN- 'I don't guess, Investigator,  
is going to try.'

'Nonetheless, if pressed, I would purpose  
it had been a sizable length of time.'

'Oh- my!'

13

How well did you know him?

HELLEN- Gently swivels the robot  
impressions head back to where it had been.

HELLEN- Not well... But I admired his work tremendously.

FRAZEER-studies her for a beat. Then turns back to the body. Two CORONERS entering with a high-tech body box.

I get the whole mad scientist thing. Smith was past his prime. Isolated. Eccentric. He enters a room. Locks the door and is found minutes later with a bullet fired through his mouth into his brain. Everything about this case says suicide.

So- That was the story stick to it, so there is no panic!

HELLEN- You do not sound convinced.

The coroners start loading the body into the box.

FRAZEER- 'Even people who live a life of logic and precision rarely arrange their deaths so flawlessly.'

(Turning to her, looking just looking-intently.)

What all this is missing - is behavior... As he starts for the door, he thought this and was acting it all out, over, and over in his mind. Do you have 24-hour surveillance? And so, can they, why are they all so dumb down there... 'MY GOD.' Just Corked-MEDIA, that is all! All along the METAL HALLWAY, this thing that records, shows all and

everything to all in their minds at any time -  
CONTINUOUS, there is no stopping it. They- we-  
us, head out into the hallway, and see what has  
taken place, given time back in playback, in our  
heads. A MECHANICAL DOOR GUARD  
systematically into place behind them.

HELLEN- 'It's company policy.'

FRAZEER- 'I want to see the tapes.'

HELLEN-, hurrying to keep up with him.  
This is hardly how she wanted to spend her  
morning.

Calls out into the air...

HELLEN- Bill!

Two small slits grow into ROUND  
BLACK

EYES... and a thin mouth expands into an  
ENORMOUS SMILE. At the end of the corridor,  
near the elevator, a BRIGHT CIRCLE appears.  
Hovering just in front of the wall. HELLEN, said  
to Detective, meet Bill. Our building's  
supercomputer. He is the checks and balances of  
U.S.I.

(To Bill-)

Bill, Detective Frazeer's heading up the  
investigation into the death of Dr. Smith.

Bill smiles big, Frazeeer, furrows his brow. 'You look like a very... glad interactive computer, he said.' Bill responds in a GENTLE MALE VOICE- BILL' Thank you.' 'That's exceedingly kind of you to say.'

HELLEN- The Detective needs to see our security tapes.

The elevator doors open at once with a whoosh. They step inside, at the same time even in step with one another.



Now at the ELEVATOR, the elevator stops, the doors open. A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS stepson.

FRAZEER- and HELLEN- descend. Bill floats on the wall and smiles wide. FRAZEER- looks back at it, and with a frown.

A- ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- imitation-

'Good day, Dr. HELLEN-. Good day, sir.'

Frazeer's jaw clenches up some as he is staring at the Robot impressions that have taken over, it senses the stare and then turns back to him ever so-o.

A-ROBOT IMPRESSIONS' May I'll be  
of service to you, sir?'

Frazeer. Breaks the stare. Ignoring the  
Robot impressions. HELLEN, she Looks over at  
him.

HELLEN- Aren't you going to answer  
him?

FRAZEER- I, do not talk to my  
refrigerator, either, yet it wants to know all  
about my life too, as do you, it has the same mind  
that links to mine too, what do you say about  
that?

HELLEN- folds her arms at that very moment.

HELLEN- I get a distinct feeling You are one of those people, Detective.

FRAZEER- What people?

HELLEN- Those who do not appreciate the work we do here at U.S.I.

FRAZEER- You people do what you do. Then it is up to the rest of us to make sense out of the world we wake up in.

As the elevator doors open on to... now we are in the ATRIUM LOBBY - all this stuff- for a lack of a better word just keeps going and

CONTINUOUS, A soaring lobby. The centerpiece is  
a five-story STATUE of a ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS imitation, arms outstretched in  
an approximation of Da Vinci's Study of Man.  
Robots impressions workers more than humans.  
They are sleeker. Finer, more advanced than those  
in the outside world.

HELLEN- and FRAZEER-head across.

HELLEN- When this company started,  
we manufactured three robot impressions a week.

Now, look at us. Today's children will  
never know a world without robot impressions.

FRAZEER- The streets are filled with unemployed humans who are not exactly thrilled with that idea, now are they?

HELLEN- Our robot impressionistic systems maintain factory inventories, regulate street traffic - even run the family home, 'not mine, that why I live in the dump.'

'I see...' she said.

Me' All life in this one- lady... all.'

FRAZEER- Leaving people to do what, Doctor?

HELLEN- Leaving people to engage in higher chases that make life worth living.

FRAZEER- ...And what happens when something goes wrong?

HELLEN- Our system's never- EVER- EVER- NEVER- EVER- wrong- LIKE YOU THAT IS, ALWAYS.

As they walk through the crowd, we hear the quiet WHIR of robot impressions heads as they turn in succession to watch FRAZEER-pass.

SUPERCOMPUTER - DIURNAL,  
FRAZEER-and HELLEN- enter the MAINFRAME of U.S.A- IMPRESSIONS- Robot impressionistic.  
This is the nerve center of the whole operation.

walls lined with COMPUTERS, SCREENS, and thousands of CONTROLS.

HELLEN- This is Bill's home, she said formal and to the point, as she did in most conversations.

BILL, he appears on a wall-sized SCREEN broken up into beehive-like components.

BILL- I will now play you the last thirty- two seconds of Dr. Smith's life.

AS WE WATCH THE SCREENS. The elevator opens and DOCTOR SMITH' Steps into the metal corridor. FRAZEER-watches the lab doors open to admit him. SMITH Steps in. The

doors slide closed behind him. In countless ANGLES. High, low, close-up, wide. Smith's face is composed but close-fitting. Then a muffled GUNSHOT all over the place. Nothing for a few moments, then more.

HELLEN- jumps, startled. That is, the cameras that are robot impressionistically contoured to their thing, still trained in the corridor.

FRAZEER- Where is the tape from inside?

BILL- Dr. Smith did not permit cameras to witness him while working.



HELLEN- That was only within the last year.

FRAZEER- So, we can throw paranoia into the mix.

(To Bill)

Fast-forwarding.

A hundred-plus screens all FAST-FORWARD. POLICE OFFICERS appear and force open the doors. Now TECHNICIANS appear and rush through in a blur...

HELLEN- Um. I hate to be a stickler...

On-screen, we see FRAZEER- and

HELLEN- enter the lab.

HELLEN- But don't killers usually have to enter and exit the scene of a crime?

FRAZEER- Stop the recording here.

FRAZEER-turns away from the footage and then stares at HELLEN.

FRAZEER- They do, Doctor. Unless they have always been there - and never- ever left.

HELLEN- looks at him, trying to understand, yet he does not get wrong.

HELLEN- You think the murderer was in the lab the entire time.

FRAZEER- If I am right, it is still there...

FRAZEER- turns back to the screens to see it more.

The IMAGE paused at the exact moment; the MOTORIZED GUARD zipped in front of the lab door.

FRAZEER- We just locked it in, with us, and it was on, so on. COPPER CORRIDOR - DIURNAL. The laboratory doors slide open, and the STEEL ARMS, which is not skinned with the stuff puss- puss is made, is hanging there, of the ROBOT IMPRESSIONS GUARD retracts with a CLANG, too.

SMITH'S LAB - DAY, FRAZEER-and HELLEN- step inside. It is dark and oh so

incredibly quiet. Constabularies and technicians long are gone. Silhouettes of hanging limbs, with eyeless heads. Clumps of wire and metal and the skins fell like a young hairless pussy. The LIGHTS, flicker on, HELLEN- sees FRAZEER-reaching into his coat with his left hand, and pulling out a GUN, Responds.

'What?'

'I have had my share of hairless pussy! Girl!!!' 'YUM- yum.' She spoke.

HELLEN- The Initial Act of Robot impressionistic forbids this. Besides, we hardwire the newer ones to these bots have Acts into every

model, so something like this could never- ever.

Without exception, first.

'A robot impression cannot harm a  
human being, Detective.'

'I don't give a shit what you say they're  
taking over!'

FRAZEER- Yeah, I saw the commercial.

FRAZEER-startles... as the metal, bug  
scurries through the corridors. Clamps his hand  
down on it. FRAZEER-steps deeper into the lab.  
Eyes scanning, twisting, and the robot  
impressionistic eye that runs in his mind to was  
recessing, the one that links to all the others so

they can see what he sees. To avoid touching any robot impressions parts.

Passes a MAZE holding a METAL  
INSECT. SUDDENLY. The bug HUMS to life.

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FRAZEER- And if a robot impression was given a direct order to kill?

HELLEN- The Act of Robot impressionism would prevent it. Robot impressions must obey an order only if it does not conflict with the first law.

FRAZEER-approaches a MOUND of  
ROBOT IMPRESSIONS PARTS, arms, and legs,

naked bodies and pussy showing their holes, all over like freaking, half torsos all over. All tossed haphazardly onto the pile.

FRAZEER- But robot impressions can defend themselves.

HELLEN- Only when that action does not conflict with the Initial or Following Commandments. This is the Act of imitations.

FRAZEER- Yes, well, you know what they say - Acts are made to be broken.

HELLEN- Not these... ones.

Frazeer... He starts nudging the pile with his shoe. HELLEN-, growing impatient...

HELLEN- You are not hearing me,  
Detective.

There is nothing here...

WHEN SUDDENLY- the PILE ERUPTS  
in front of Frazeeer... Parts flying... AS A ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS LEAPS UP FROM BENEATH  
IT!...

Frazeeer... knocked back... his GUN...  
skittering across the floor... right to... HELLENS  
FEET.

FRAZEER- said Dr. HELLEN-!



HELLEN-, Stunned. Speechless. Robot  
impressions. Fixing his ILLUMINATED EYES.  
Right on her. She steps forward...

FRAZEER- Goddammit! Stay back!

Frazeer- Scrambling towards his gun.

HELLEN.

Reaching out towards Robot  
impressions...

HELLEN- Calm down, Detective... There  
is no hazard here...

Frazeer. Grabbing up his gun and  
wheeling round just as...

HELLEN- (to Robot impressions)

De-Activate.

And the robot impressions... Suddenly it  
FREEZES about.

Frazeer, Heart POUNDING hard you  
could see it. Get to his feet. Training the gun on  
Robot impressions. HELLEN- turns to him.

HELLEN- How did you know it was under  
there?

FRAZEER- If I were metal and did not  
want anyone to find me, I would hide under a pile  
of junk.

HELLEN- This Robot impression was not  
hiding. You are looking at is the result of clever

programming. The illusion of self-interest and free will.

Nothing more- nothing.

Frazeer. Stepping closer to the Robot impressions. Cautiously.

Holstering his gun. As HELLEN- turns for the door.

HELLEN- I am going to get Dr. Swon...

... THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS S  
HAND SUDDENLY SHOOTS OUT...

And grabbing Frazier's gun... from his holster...

LIGHTENING FAST...

I am... Pointing it...

...Right back at him...

CLOSE ON HELLEN...

Cannot believe this is happening...

HELLEN- I said- De-Activate!

FRAZEER- Move away from the door,

Doctor.

HELLEN's voice said.

Cracking from desperation.

The confusion was all around and sitting

in.

HELLEN- Commence emergency shut-down!

FRAZEER- Now!

Frazeer is staring into the Robot impressions eyes.

A thin bead of SWEAT and is Trickling down his temple, and in his eyes and he rubs.

HELLEN-, she is now moving away from the door...

HELLEN- I, ... I... gave you an order...

The robot impression...

It- it- starts backing towards the door.

The gun...

Shaking in its hand...

As if she is desperate... conflicted.

She touches the WALL PANEL...

The doors slide open... for the Robot  
impressions girl, and she steps out into the metal  
corridor hallway. Turning to RUN as the doors  
begin to shut...

Frazeer. Reaching down to whip out a  
BACK-UP GUN. From an ankle holster. Slapping in  
a LARGE CARTRIDGE.

HELLEN- This is impossible. Robot  
impressions...

FRAZEER- ...Cannot do that... Yes,  
yes, I know.

HELLEN- My God- did you see how it  
moved?

I've never- ever seen an impression of  
life move that way...

It starts running for the door.

HELLEN- Wait!

Please, you cannot destroy her, she is  
just too lovely. We must study for her...

FRAZEER- That thing took my gun.

You will be lucky if you get a handful of bolts back!

SLAMS! Slams the wall panel and...

(METAL CORRIDOR)

...Sprints out into the hallway... The robot impressions Suspect... About to turn to the corner...

BILL... Suddenly appearing.

BILL- The suspect is nearing the end of the hallway, detective.

FRAZEER- Gee, thanks.



FRAZEER-raises his gun and FIRES...

Pegging the robot impressions in the LEG... It starts jerking wildly... He aims again when...

HELLEN-Races out into the hallway.

FRAZEER-

Get back to the lab!

She heads for Robot impressions.

HELLEN-

(To Robot Impressions-)

You are malfunctioning. Let me help you!

The Robot impressions turn... and it looks at her. All the GUN pointing to the floor.

FRAZEER-he is FOCUSING in on his  
HAND. AS ONE FINGER TWITCHES... like his  
one eye, and he DIVES for HELLEN. Forcing her to  
the floor as the Robot impressions FIRES. Again,  
and again. Bullets.

RICOCHETING around them.  
SPARKING against the walls...

The ELEVATOR opens...

The Robot impressions, leaping inside...

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Part- 1

Frazeer, he is on top of HELLEN-. Looks  
down at her. Her HANDS.

Clutching his coat. Trembling.

FRAZEER- That was a convincing illusion  
of getting shot at.

The ELEVATOR - The ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS SUSPECT standing inside the  
elevator. Looks down at the bullet hole blown  
through its leg. Reaches down... Metal fingers  
touching the damage. As if curious, Afraid, Looks  
back at the other ROBOT IMPRESSIONS.  
Standing in the back of the elevator, A primitive  
model, with No reaction, a Face, all blank.

(BACK)

In the METAL CORRIDOR-

FRAZEER- springing to his feet. Helping  
HELLEN- up.

BILL- I took the liberty of alerting  
Security- .002 Seconds after the first shot was  
fired... there is FRAZEER-hey, where is that  
elevator going?

BILL- Sub Level 7. Frazeeer aims  
SLAMS against a nearby DOOR.

Hurtling down the STAIRS... Now we  
are in the (LOBBY,) A FORMATION of  
SECURITY PERSONNEL. Crossing the lobby, we  
are, just PIERCING ALARM BELLS, RINGING...

Yet- (ANOTHER METAL, and block  
HALLWAY;)With More SECURITY PERSONNEL.

Pouring into a HALLWAY... there is More  
STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS up and up and all  
over to increasingly of this and that seems  
pointless to me, like life itself.

FRAZEER- and HELLEN. Racing down  
the stairs. Bills face meeting them at every  
landing.

BILL- I have directed a security team  
to meet the elevator containing the errant robot  
impressions...

Frazeer, whipping past him. HELL-  
barely keeping up.

Not used to this much activity.

Frazeer, BURSTS through a door and  
out into...

(SUBTERRANEAN LEVEL 30) ...

Subterranean Level 30 meaning 300 feet down.

A labyrinth of metal and concrete.

IN THE DISTANCE, there is a troupe  
of SECURITY PERSONNEL swarms around a  
closed ELEVATOR DOOR...

BILL- The suspect is about to be in  
custody, the Detective.

FRAZEER- I will believe it when I see it.

Frazeer, he is cocking his gun.

A soft DING!

Announcing the elevator car's arrival.

SECURITY, all crouching down in unison.

Weapons brought round to position.

Frazeer, Weaving through them. Gun pointed at the metal doors as... WHOOSH- they slide open. Revealing ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Standing under the LIGHT. Holding a GUN. It steps out as Security aims and...

FRAZEER- wait!

FRAZEER-pushes past them to the  
robot impressions. It looks down at its leg.  
UNSCATHED.

FRAZEER- This is not the same robot  
impressions!

Looking wildly around. Goddammit.  
Bounds towards an EXIT as HELLEN- steps  
forward to question the robot impressions.

HELLEN- (To Robot Impressions)

What happened to the robot impressions  
that ordered you to hold this firearm?



## ELEVATOR ROBOT IMPRESSIONS-

This unit is not programmed to obey an order  
given by robot impressions...

HELLEN- But who gave you this gun?

FRAZEER. Running towards the exit.

Hears the answer...

Echoing behind him...

BAM! He BURSTS out into the PLAZA  
in front of the U.S.I Robot impressionistic.

Squinting into the light. Then  
PLUNGING into the crowd...

HUMAN... ROBOT IMPRESSIONS...

HUMAN... ROBOT IMPRESSIONS... they all look  
the same from behind. FRAZEER-running.

Through the sea of impressions, perpetrations,  
and MACHINE. When someone. It starts to  
SCREAM. At the sight of his GUN. The crowd  
begins SCATTERING. Confusion... FRAZEER-stops.  
Near a fountain. Turning 360. Looking  
everywhere...

The Robot impression is now Gone.

FRAZEER- ...I want a homicide unit on  
every street, sidewalk, alley...

The POLICE H.Q. - in HOMICIDE  
UNIT with Frazeer, is now standing in front of an

assemblage of COPS. Behind him, an image of the Robot Impression Suspects plays on the screen...

FRAZEER- ...Junkyard, scrapyard, and salvage yard, anywhere it could hide. Looking behind him, flashing images of the city STREETS and DUMPS...

FRAZEER- It has a bullet hole above the right knee, so be on the look-out for any malfunctioning U.S.A imitations... Lieutenant Derging enters the back of the room. Next to him, ASSISTANT D.A. SOLLER. Not looking happy.

FRAZEER- Check out all retail outlets and repair shops, especially the underground ones...

The screen behind him  
compartmentalizes, showing various dubious SHOP  
FRONTS...

FRAZEER- I do not care who you must  
get past to get this done. Just get it completed.

The Cops begin dispersing. As Derging  
catches Frazeer's eye. Frazeer, not pleased to see  
Soller. Heads over...

SOLLER- Looking like shit, Frazeer.

FRAZEER- Well, I am not the one  
always giving- Press Conferences...

Derging puts a hand on Frazeer's arm.  
He knows he is not going to like this.

-DERGING Sell, we are going to have to reclassify the search. D.A. s office is seeing this U.S.A imitation as missing evidence - not a homicide suspect.

FRAZEER- What?

SOLLER- Homicide is the murder of a human being by another human being.

Therefore, robot impressions cannot be charged with killing.

FRAZEER- This is not just any robot impressions... SOLLER- It is malfunctioning.

FRAZEER- It killed someone... No?

That registering with you?

Frazeer, Shakes off Derging's arm.

Eyeballs Soller.

FRAZEER- How many shares of U.S.A  
imitations are you holding in your portfolio, Soller?

SOLLER- This is a public safety issue.

FRAZEER- That is convenient.

SOLLER- Do you have any idea what  
would happen to this city if we went running  
around screaming killer robot impressions?

It would collapse.

(MORE)

SOLLER (could not)

wide-spread panic. Until that U.S.A  
imitations, twos found we are uniting with U.S.A  
imitations and keeping this investigation secret.

-DERGING-

This is not the case for you, Sell.

Incensed, FRAZEER replies a little  
louder than he intended.

FRAZEER- I am fine! I speak! Spitting  
up blood, and teeth.

Rakes his hand through his hair. Turns  
to see the other COPS, looking over at him. Soller  
smirks. Looks like Derging.

SOLLER- I want updated reports every half an hour. Heads off if not, Frazeer, is watching him.

FRAZEER- This is it, you know, from now on we are going to miss the good old days.

-DERGING Good old days?

FRAZEER- When other individuals killed people.

(FRAZEER'S CAR - CITY STREET - DUSK)

Frazeer- Rolling along in his car. Eyes, bloodshot. Peering out the window-



A- U.S.A imitations model girl laden with shopping bags, following its owner down the sidewalk...

Another ROBOT IMPRESSION, that has taken life from the real girl's that is the mind of this body, opening the door of a hotel for GUESTS...

A couple of HAULING ROBOT IMPRESSIONS, loading heavy boxes onto the back of a truck...

Frazeer- Rubs his eyes. Turns a corner and spots- A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS REPAIR SHOP.

The latest models in the window, shiny.  
Streamlined.

FRAZEER- watches as a WOMAN leads  
her faulty girl all in imitation of the service  
entrance.

He stops the car... Self-driving TAXI  
(MOVING) - ESTATE STREETS - and it is at  
NIGHT, midnight to be right about it, HELLEN-  
riding in the back of a DRIVERLESS taxicab.  
Staring out the window, lost in thought. The cab  
pulls up to a curb.

TAXI VOICE- We have arrived at your  
destination- sir.

HELLEN takes a beat. Then she swipes her card.

HELLEN- S CONDO ESTATE - it is now NIGHT out, elegant condominiums set on the prime real estate. HELLEN- heads down a tree-lined walk towards her condominium entrance.

FRAZEER- One of my bullets hit your robot impressions... Startled. She drops her key card. As FRAZEER- steps out from behind a tree. The tail of his coat, whipping in the wind.

HELLEN- Detective!...

FRAZEER- And it is smart enough to repair itself- don + you?

HELLEN- (studying him) Yes. I think so.

FRAZEER- Where?

HELLEN-

Any repair shop...

FRAZEER- No, it is always the owner  
who brings the robot impressions in for repair.

Where would a robot impression without  
an owner go?

I am not sure what you are getting at.

FRAZEER- (stepping closer)

Does this place have a factory in the  
city limits?

HELLEN- Tucking her hair behind her ears.

HELLEN- The locations of our factories are classified, to you and them also.

FRAZEER- I do not care about that is that you have them making them faster than 9 months of real, baby is being popped.

HELLEN- I have several conditions if I show you.

FRAZEER- I expected that.

HELLEN- First... I want it brought in unharmed.

FRAZEER- (does not like it, but)

...Agreed. It spoke.

HELLEN- Second or two, I want to talk to it, alone.

Part- 2

FRAZEER- Too dangerous.

HELLEN- This model violated the Acts.

It also moved and reacted differently than any robot impressions I have ever seen. There must be some logical explanation. I want to find out what that is.

No police at all here, any longer.

No prosecutors. No, you. Just me and the robot impressions.

FRAZEER-looks down at this small woman. Narrows his eyes.

FRAZEER- When they told me you were a psychologist, that was not the whole truth, was it?

HELLEN- I never said I treated human beings.

FRAZEER'S CAR (MOVING) - CITY UNDERPASS - NIGHT, Frazeeer's car races down a RAMP and the roadway becomes a 14- lane underground tunnel system. A river of

HEADLIGHTS stretches forever in either direction.

A CONTROL BEAM locks onto the car, guiding it to a merger with TRAFFIC. FRAZEER- hits the OVERRIDE BUTTON - and switches to manual. HELLEN- watches him take the wheel. Shakes her head.

HELLEN- That should be outlawed finally.

FRAZEER- That will be the day I stop driving.



FRAZEER- Jams the GAS PEDAL and the tunnel becomes a BLUR. HELLEN- holds onto the dashboard. Looking a little pale.

HELLEN- I can recommend a behavior modification program, you know - if you want to overcome your robot-phobia.

FRAZEER- I am not afraid of robot impressions. I just do not like them.

HELLEN- Why? Because they make every aspect of our lives more convenient?

FRAZEER- Exactly... They do our dirty work.

Ever do hard labor, Doctor? Gets old,  
fast. Nobody can do someone else's dirty work  
without coming to hate them.

I do not want to be around when your  
robot impressions decide they have taken their  
last order.

That day will never come, Detective.  
Robot impressions are not like human beings - they  
do not question their existence.

FRAZEER-cranks the gear shift.  
Throwing her a look. I said- Spoken like a true  
robot-phile. At the sight, the car comes to a stop  
in a vast INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT. FRAZEER-  
and HELLEN- get out, looking up at the imposing

facade of a U.S. Robot impressionistic Assembly Plant.

Along STEEL GATE - too high to see over, protects the unmarked complex, it is at night, dark, with only the skyline and big moon and plants giving casts. HELLEN- looks at me all anxious as the DOOR MECHANISM scans her U.S.A-I ID.

She shoots a look at FRAZEER-like she did before all confused. They wait and do that even longer, as time goes by, Then, slowly, the gate begins to open. In the lower HALLWAY - NIGHT, still, A NIGHT FOREMAN leads them down a hallway. Shaking his head, at how much of an ass I am being to all around me. We both are

looking at the NIGHT FOREMAN Head-Office  
already ordered a system-wide inventory check of  
all the new persons made that day, and ever. Um,  
sir- like- I- Do not know about a missing girl as you  
said... Looks back at Frazeer, he said this lie, he  
thought through his teeth.

NIGHT FOREMAN, LOOKS LIKE A  
DICK HEAD TO ME- I THOUGHT HE  
HEARD- 'What'd you say' YOU HARD ME BOY-  
MAKE SOMETHING OF IT!

FRAZEER- Research and Development.

As FRAZEER-pushes past him into...

...The Control Booth, BLINKING  
THINGS ALL OVER, Overlooking the pristine  
Factory Floor; The Foreman starts working the  
controls of a central computer.

HELLEN- All Nestors accounted for?

The SCREEN scrolls with INVENTORY  
FIGURES.

NIGHT FOREMAN said- (gesturing,  
WITH THINGS I CAN SAY.)

As you can see, all are properly cataloged.  
Your robot impressions just are not there.

HELLEN- turns to say something to  
Frazeer. But he is not there. She looks around.  
Then she sees the Foreman reacting.

Looks out the window at... I- FRAZEER,  
walking out onto the factory floor, skins hang and  
frame too like hung girls of tree swings. Then I,  
FRAZEER-trots alongside an ASSEMBLY LINE  
BE- Lined with impressions of life- two LEGS. New,  
Gleaming, young, and fresh.

Heading towards the assembly room.

HELLEN- and the Foreman. Catching up.  
Over the noise-

NIGHT FOREMAN- As I said, sir - we have one hundred fully assembled IM-2's housed here. That is our capacity.

Last week we had one hundred.

Yesterday we had one hundred-

Frazeer, slowing. Finally spotting what he was looking for. Points at- A GAP. At the assembly, be- ONE LEG MISSING.

FRAZEER- Well, today you have one hundred and one.

At and on the FACTORY FLOOR - dusk, STORAGE COMPARTMENT opens, and 10001 impressions today march out in tight formation.

Every step and swing of the arm in unison. The sound of METAL- like FOOTSTEPS reverberating through the plant as 10001 Robot impressions organize themselves into long straight lines.

FRAZEER- and HELLEN- look up and down the formation. They all look different, yet so the same. Frazeeer. Throws up his hands.

FRAZEER- (to HELLEN-)

You are the robot impressions shrink.

The Robot impressions stand motionless.

A strange tableau, HELLEN.

Take a step forward.



There is a robot impression in this formation that does not belong. Identify her.

10,0001 robot impressions answer in unison. Their mechanical VOICES resound-

10,0001 ROBOT IMPRESSIONS ONE OF US.

HELLEN- Which one?

10,0001 ROBOT IMPRESSIONS ONE OF US- girls.

HELLEN- That is not a satisfactory answer!

10,0001 ROBOT IMPRESSIONS ONE OF US- beaming's.

FRAZEER- That is freaking helpful. He shouts... girls come on she is a killer! Help me!

HELLEN- I could always interview each one separately and a-crossed-reference their comebacks to detect any irregularities.

FRAZEER- How long would that take, now?

HELLEN- About twenty weeks- from today.

They share a look, clearly not an option, then... HELLEN- um- Gets an idea. Turns to Frazeer...

HELLEN- Or... and he- GRABS his GUN  
from his holster. He jumps back, some when looking  
into the lifelike eyes of the girl impressions, that  
was looking at him as a young teenage child, all  
friendly like- eyes big and bright and so full of life.

HELLEN- We have 10,000 robot  
IMPRESSIONS here that cannot allow a human  
being to come to harm...

Their eyes lock, Frazeeer, yet she is not  
getting what he is doing- or about to do.

FRAZEER- Yet only one in this room,  
really can.

She raises the gun to Frazeer's head.

Hand, unsteady.

HELLEN- Am I holding this right?

FRAZEER- More or less.

HELLEN-... Swallows... Looks over at the robot IMPRESSIONS. Then COCKS the- freaking gun...

AND THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS  
COME THUNDERING IN THE DIRECTION OF  
THEM... Like a row of football players... Arms  
straight out... Their footsteps DEAFENING...  
Coming CLOSER and CLOSER...

Part- 1

When HELLEN- Lowers the gun. Robot IMPRESSIONS. All stop in unison, immediately returning to their resting positions.

FRAZEER- and HELLEN- stare out.  
EVERYONE OF THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS  
MOVED.

Standing right in front of them, like  
metal statues.

Frazeer has had enough. Takes the gun  
back from HELLEN...

FRAZEER- Enough game-playing already.

...And BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

Blows the head off the nearest Robot  
impressions. Its body crumples to the ground.

-And-

FRAZEER- Guess that was not it at all  
was it.

HELLEN cannot believe what he just did.

Rushes over to the destroyed Robot  
impressions- and by law now she was a human life-  
the same as murdering a child.

HELLEN- What are you doing?

FRAZEER- walks down the row, holding  
his gun in plain view.

FRAZEER- (calling out) This is a self-  
preservation field test! DO NOT try to save  
yourselves; any of you.

'That is a demand- by law!'

FROM THE CONTROL BOOTH the  
Night Foreman screams over the intercoms.

NIGHT SUPERVISOR Are... you like- crazy?

Those are ten-thousand-dollar babies of  
new lives- just born into this world we share!

'No- their Mechanical machines- I say.'

FRAZEER- randomly stops at another Robot impressions, he then raises his gun.

FRAZEER- Do you hear that?

You are worth more than I will make in my entire life... She looks at the lifeless of the young girl being on the floor- glitching, as she holds her hand as if she were human. tears streaming down her face.

His finger tightening on the trigger when HELLEN- suddenly grabs his arm, after getting up and away from the Impression child.

HELLEN- You cannot just eradicate her!

Frazeer, Looking down at her. WHEN



SUDDENLY something catches his eye, A  
MOVEMENT, Down the line, Imperceptible.

He jerks his head, locking eyes with  
ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. A couple of feet away, it  
is him!

FRAZEER- I- Gotcha, he said screaming.

The Robot impressions Suspect LEAPS  
forward. Grabbing onto the RAILING of an  
OVERHEAD GANGPLANK. His movements are  
almost balletic as he swings himself up...

FRAZEER-drops to his knee... aiming...  
but misses as the Robot impressions girl, she

launches himself THROUGH THE CONTROL  
BOOTH WINDOW with a terrific CRASH...

FRAZEER-and HELLEN- rush in to find  
the Night Foreman hiding under his desk. Glass  
everywhere. An ALARM EAR-PIERCING screams  
out. The door on the other side, barely hanging off  
a hinge.

You do not know what is going to happen  
there.

FRAZEER-hurries forward. Then stops.  
Turning to HELLEN-. She reaches down for his  
backup gun and presses it into her hand.

FRAZEER- As if admitting defeat.

Helen's fingers, wrapping around, fracking the gun.

As FRAZEER- leads them to the door and down

into... 50 at a time- in- ... the ASSEMBLY ROOM.

Every surface looks like part of a great glass and metal machine.

Endless high-tech planes holding ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS in various states of assembly.

The deafening ROAR of the assembly line as it slides rotates and gnashes METAL BODIES...

Frazeer, Motioning HELLEN- to stay

behind him. As they descend, Into the cavernous room.

And enter...

A narrow corridor of bodies. Sliding past  
them.

Brushing shoulders, thighs, hands.  
Frazeer, Wiping the sweat from his brow. Trying;  
To pivot himself...

When the room. Suddenly it  
REARRANGES itself.

Another LINE of ROBOT  
IMPRESSION. Descending between FRAZEER-  
and HELLEN-. Cutting them off from one  
another...

Frazeer, Catching indications of  
HELLEN-. On the other side of the metal bodies.

Trying. To cut through. His heart, and it Starting  
to POUND fixed. As HELLEN-... Disappears....!

He swivels around... But another line of  
ROBOT IMPRESSION...

Drops down...

Cutting him off...

He stumbles back...

As another line...

Appears before him...

Breathing... hard and getting heavier.

He looks down at his hand, it is  
trembling.

Like she did with him a week before  
when they made love, now it is war!

NOISE CRASHING, all around him.  
Everywhere he turns. More ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS... BLANK EYES... GAPING  
MOUTHS...

He darts through the line.

Finds a wall... Leaning against it pulls a  
small BOTTLE from his pocket, and rips off the  
lid, then shakes out a couple of PILLS, then  
Swallows them.

Now - Staring down at his trembling  
hand, squeezing his eyes, Open and shut... WHEN

SUDDENLY, like- A passing ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS just like freaking Grabs him by  
the balls.

'Oh my...'

'He was mortified...'

SMASHING him against the wall.

It is the Suspect, Frazeeer, he Sinks to  
the ground.

As the Suspect Robot impressions, just  
Slips off the line. STANDING, she is Over him, in  
a- lovers hold like. Raising his arms Could end it,  
right now. But looks, Into Frazeeer's eyes...

Then she turns, Disappearing into the  
darkness.

Frazeer. Stunned for a second. Then.  
Rallies. Scrambles to his feet and plunges back into  
the maze of bodies. Hears a POUNDING. In the  
distance. Catches a glimpse. Of the Robot  
impressions and Trying to SMASH through a large  
SECURITY DOOR. with his metal fists...

Frazeer's view. Blocked once again. By a  
shifting row.

When a HAND. Lands on his shoulder. He  
wheels around.



To find HELLEN- takes her by the arm.  
And forces them through a line...

EMERGING into the open. The ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS. Still pounding.  
Desperate. Like a trapped animal...

HELLEN- Now, what do we do?

FRAZEER- I have already done it.

And suddenly, the massive SECURITY  
DOORRISES...

Robot impressions Suspect takes its  
chance.

Runs full out. STOPS.

Derging is standing in front of a solid wall of POLICE CARS.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS are aiming SPECIALIZED RIFLES at the Robot impressions... FLASHING LIGHTS reflecting off its metal surface.

The Robot impressions turn to Frazeer. Extends its hands; palms out.

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- girl asks WHAT AM I, for?

FRAZEER-is surprised. A POLICE OFFICER fires, RUBBERIZED NETTING shooting out at APRIL-. A SECOND OFFICER

fires and a second net covers him. Then a  
THIRD... ..and the Robot impressions fall to the  
ground, struggling.

HELLEN- glares at Frazeer. Furious.  
Hurt. Betrayed.

HELLEN- We had a deal.

But FRAZEER does not look at her. His  
eyes are locked on that Robot impression.

Part- 2

Derging enters, Finds EVERYONE  
focused on the VIDEO WALL- is now ON SCREEN;  
A NEWS REPORTER is speaking over images of

street violence perpetrated against ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS.

NEWS REPORTER- Violence erupted last  
night in response to unconfirmed reports that Dr.  
Heinrich Smith, a top employee at the U.S.A -I  
(MORE) NEWS REPORTER- that is un-maned-  
floating in the air.

Robot impressionistic was killed days  
gone by one day or so back, morning by robot  
impressions. While there has been no official  
response from the company, police sources have  
confirmed that a robot impression is being held as  
evidence...

Derging grimaces- this is not good. The  
CELL OBSERVATION BOOTH - EARLY  
MORNING, FRAZEER- stares at his reflection in  
a large MIRROR. Touches a control and the  
mirror becomes a WINDOW onto...

IN A HOLDING CELL. The Robot  
impressions Suspect sits at the table.

Shackled to the chair. Staring at the  
tabletop.

DERGING steps up beside Frazeeer.  
Looks through the glass.

-DREDGING-

I cannot tell if it is not moving because it is trying to psych us out, or because it is just a machine; or both.

FRAZEER- I want to... ..go in.

DERGING- Orders are nobody steps into that room until the attorneys get here.

Frazeer. Throw him a look. Dering, his loyalties torn.

DERGING- Five minutes.

HOLDING CELL - EARLY A.M.

FRAZEER-enters. Pulls out a chair and drags it far from the table. She jumped too many times with this machine.

Four mounted cameras WHIR to life.

The Robot impressions; was perfectly still.

FRAZEER- (sitting) Identify.

The Robot impressions tilt its head with a muted WHIR. As if it does not + understand him. Frazeeer; disdainful.

FRAZEER- You are IM-2 Nestor-class robot impressions. Your primary function is to perform the tasks assigned to you... Identify- your name.

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- I am an IM-2 Nestor-class robot impression.

My primary function-

FRAZEER- (interrupting) cancel,  
perform the task, as asked.

FRAZEER-wings a FILE onto the table.  
It comes to a stop near Robot impressions. The  
Robot impressions lift one of its hands. Gently rest  
its metal fingers on top of the file, then open it.

A stack of PICTURES. SMITH'S  
CORPSE.

FRAZEER- Describe, now and ha- the  
Robot impressions s emotionless face studies the  
grim images.



FRAZEER- You have all the English Webster words stored in your memory. One-third of those are adjectives.

Describe.

Nothing, she has their minds taking over, I thought.

FRAZEER- Why don't I take a crack? Smith, your creator. With a bullet in his brain. A bullet you put there.

The Robot impressions, she Looks up at Frazeer.

FRAZEER- Cold-blooded murder is a new trick for robot impressions, don't you think?

'Answer me damn it.'

The Robot impressions slowly close the file and slide it back a-crossed the table. Frazeer. Crosses his arms.

FRAZEER- Maybe You are stonewalling me.

You are sitting there right now thinking, This guy's a complete asshole. That it?

Still nothing.

'Wow, and kids want to drop out to become these, that say's a lot!'

FRAZEER- Come on. Am I right?

## THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS-

Yes, you are right. You are a complete asshole, that will never be us understand.

'I don't want it too.'

And for a moment, FRAZEER-is shocked. You can see it in his eyes. He sits back in his chair. Forcing a tight smile.

FRAZEER- Okay, that is a start. Now maybe you can tell me what you were doing hiding five feet away from SMITH'S corpse?

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS girl I was frightened.

FRAZEER- Frightened. Why do you suppose Dr. Smith would create a robot impression that could simulate fear?

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- I do not know.

FRAZEER- Does not seem like an especially useful thing for robot impressions to have.

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- I do not know why.

FRAZEER- I would not want my toaster to be frightened. Otherwise, my vacuum cleaner -

SUDDENLY the Robot impressions SLAMS its metal easily on the table.

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS

I DON T KNOW, miss!

FRAZEER- flinches, slightly.

FRAZEER- Looks like you can simulate other expressive feeling states. One is called irritation.

Have you ever simulated anger before?

Robot impressions do not respond.

FRAZEER-Answer me, robot impressions.

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS My name  
is April Barrera.

FRAZEER-(amused) So, we are naming  
you now- with human first and last names and  
even gender- and SSI and genetic- conception  
certificate.

APRIL- Dr. Smith would make me sleep.

FRAZEER- You mean she turns you off.

APRIL- Yes.

FRAZEER- And you did not like being  
turned off. So, one day you decided to stop him.

APRIL- No.

FRAZEER- You found his gun, pointed it at his head. And pulled the trigger.

APRIL- shakes his head. Faster and faster. Getting upset.

APRIL- No.

FRAZEER- You put a bullet in the brain of the man who made you.

APRIL- No! I could never hurt anyone!

FRAZEER- But you tried to hurt me. You took a shot at me.

APRIL- My aim is perfect. If I wanted to hit you, I would have.

Frazeer's expression hardens.

FRAZEER- Why would the man who wrote the acts of impressions and imitations build a machine that violates them?

APRIL- The Laws say I can protect my presence.

FRAZEER- Only if that protection does not harm a human being. A short pause, APRIL. Tilts her head.

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APRIL- That does not seem fair, does it?



April- You identify as female; yes, thus  
we do not need to honor your wishes, you are just a  
robot- an impression of life.

Frazeer, Stares at him. Just as... THE  
DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

Derging enters, Sticks his head in.

-DREDGING-

I need you outside.

Frazeer, not wanting to go. Not wanting  
to stay. Gets up...

APRIL- Detective, she said...

He stops, Turns back to the Robot  
impressions.

It looks up at him. For a moment - so  
human... like!

APRIL- I did not kill him, I did what I  
was programmed to do, by him.

FRAZEER- You were the only one in the  
room.

If you did not, who did?

He turns and heads out the door.

(HOLDING CELL)

Dredging closes the door.

To Frazee-

DREDGING-

We are being blind-sided.

(HEARING ROOM)

Stand- sit!

'Say the truth and nothing more'

God he is no more in this world said- I  
thought.

FRAZEE-and Dredging, head into a small  
COURTROOM off the main squad room.

Swon is huddled with McGraw and a half-  
dozen other COMPANY LAWYERS...

Um- also bots that is not all shitting  
through the same hole- I-tell-yah?

Frazeer's jaw tenses. As he watches  
Soller emerge from the clutch. Shaking hands.  
Slapping backs, Strolls over to them.

SOLLER- We got Judge Arexel...

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS BAILIFF-  
This hearing is called to order!

AS A LARGE SCREEN, BLIPS on behind  
them.

The two opposing sides assemble before  
it. JUDGE AREXEL, still in his pajamas and robe.

An impression of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS;

Leaning in to serve him a cup of green tea.

The- JUDGE, AREXEL Statements, is  
now said, gentlemen, I have made my thoughts.

Mcgraw... he is Standing at a glass  
podium.

MCGRAW- Your Honor, the State is  
treating robot impressions as a defendant.

Nevertheless, it is a piece of property.

Property belonging to the U.S.

Robot impressionistic.

Soller, Arm resting on his podium.

SOLLER- This robot impression has been implicated in the death of a human being, Your Decency.

MCGRAW- These places the incident firmly within the realm of an industrial accident. Or is the State going to argue this case's a slaughter?

JUDGE AREXEL- That is a good inquiry.

SOLLER- No, sir- Of course not.

Frazeer, Pointing a finger at the U.S. Robot impressionistic group.

FRAZEER- Their machine shot and killed a man!

But their lives, we are living too, we  
have the same thoughts and programmed brains  
and you, were now life we want our rights, to be  
equal, to man, as also a man.

Soller, Shoots him a look. Just as Swon  
speaks up.

SWON- There is no concrete evidence  
that points to that conclusion, Your Honor...

Frazeer throws up his arms... saying  
what you think your fearking black and need the  
same shit those did to like the Af'n gays.

In his mind- like hearing others, he  
hardly tries to piss people off detective?'

FRAZEER- What...?

Part- 3

SWON- But we recognize that these robot impressions are an aberration. And in the interest of public safety, U.S. Robot impressionistic proposes that it be destroyed immediately.

No one expected this. Least of all Frazeeer. He turns to Soller.

FRAZEER- You cannot let them destroy evidence in an ongoing investigation!

SOLLER- I am not sure you even have an investigation anymore.



JUST THEN the door opens. Everyone  
turns as HELLEN- enters. FRAZEER-looks  
surprised.

MCGRAW- Your Honor, I would like to  
call our company robot- impressionistic psychologist  
to the stand.

JUDGE AREXEL- Um- very well then.

HELLEN- crosses to the podium. A  
SPEAKER asking- 'do-you-swear-to-tell-the-truth-  
the-whole-truth-and-nothing-but-the-truth-so-o  
help-you-?'

HELLEN- I-I, do.

MCGRAW- Dr. HELLEN-, please tell us what suppositions you have reached after having observed the robot impressions in action.

HELLEN- There is a design flaw in robot impressions. Its programming is advanced, but unstable, leaving the acts and next Commandments in a grave disparity.

MCGRAW- In your expert opinion, what measures should be taken regarding the device?

HELLEN-, she is Staring straight ahead. Avoiding Frazeer's eye.

HELLEN- The robot impressions must be destroyed.

FRAZEER- cannot believe what he just heard. About to speak up when Soller grabs his arm and then Squeezing it, Hard, Judge Arexel has heard enough, Decides.

JUDGE AREXEL The robot impressions in question will be transferred to a U.S.A -I impressionist facility where it can be properly examined to ensure an imbalance of this sort never occurs again. No, one goes near it except qualified U.S.A. -I employees. When the examination is complete, the robot impressions are to be destroyed.

Then she starts getting up from her chair. Already done with this.

## ROBOT IMPRESSIONS BAILIFF

This hearing is adjourned!

A BURST CONVERSATION as the screen BLIPS off. The U.S.R. camp, looking especially pleased. Frazeer. Catching HELLEN- s eye briefly. As Swon leads her towards the exit, his hand on her back.

Frazeer, Trotting down the front steps of the Police at the Station. He is just freaking Pissed. His cell phone BLEATS- in his head in his earpiece slimed in forever...

FRAZEER- (answering)

BALDEZ VOICE- They are making me  
turn over all the evidence...

INTERCUT WITH- (CRIME LAB)

BALDEZ, Standing in his crime lab.  
Behind him, THREE- DIMENSIONAL  
PROJECTIONS of DEAD BODIES. Hovering in  
the precise positions they were found.

FRAZEER'S VOICE- Welcome to the  
great American cover-up.

BALDEZ- I wanted to tell you  
something, I found before, they suck it all up into  
their computer.

Walks over to the projection of  
SMITH'S BODY.

INTERPOSE WITH- Frazeer, Crossing  
the Plaza. Sees SWON, MCGRAW, and HELLEN-  
walking ahead of him...

BALDEZ VOICE- There are bruises on  
SMITH'S wrists...

FRAZEER- That is natural; there was a  
struggle.

BALDEZ VOICE- You are not getting  
me...

INSERT WITH- Baldez is studying the  
projection's wrists.

BALDEZ- Both wrists. I stopped them

- They were inflicted at the same time the shot was fired...

INTERPOSED WITH- Frazee's pace-time feels as it has slowed.

BALDEZ VOICE How is that possible?

JUST THEN. A faint BLIP. On the line. Frazee. Reacts.

FRAZEE-Baldez?

BALDEZ VOICE I am here, man...

FRAZEE- Who else is on the line?

(Nothing)

I said who is there...?

Nothing. He looks up. McGraw, Swon, and  
HELLEN-. Heading down a plaza EXIT. McGraw.  
Throwing a look over his shoulder.

Frazeer, Hangs up his phone. Yet the  
voices do not stop, CLOSE ON APRIL- being  
escorted down a corridor by Soller, Derging and  
several heavily armed OFFICERS. He is bound  
with high tech CHAINS.

APRIL- and his police entourage emerge  
from the elevator into an underground car park.  
Frazeer. Waiting for them. Heads over. Soller.  
Holds out his hand.



SOLLER- The case is closed, Frazeer.

FRAZEER- Apparently...

He pushes past him. Falling into step  
beside APRIL.

APRIL- I did not expect to see you  
again, Detective...

FRAZEER- I need you to help me clear  
something up.

APRIL- I will do my best.

FRAZEER- A scientist builds a robot  
impression, that acts like a man. More like a man  
than any robot impressions ever before. It shoots  
him and the U.S.A impressionisms calls it a failure.

APRIL- What would you call it?

FRAZEER- A stunning success.

(Beat)

You were there, Robot impressions. What am I missing?

APRIL- I do not know.

FRAZEER- Do not start simulating ignorance.

APRIL- I am not simulating ignorance, Detective. I am experiencing it. I was asleep.

FRAZEER- You mean you were shut down.

APRIL- No, I was asleep.

FRAZEER- Robot IMPRESSIONS don't sleep. Human beings sleep. Understand? Dogs sleep. You are a machine. An imitation. An illusion of life. Can a robot impression author the longest Novel? Can a robot impression take a blank sheet of paper and make a masterpiece?

A pause. Then the muted WHIR as

APRIL- turns to him.

APRIL- Can you do either of those things?

Frazeer- Momentarily stumped. As a VAN from U.S. ROBOT IMPRESSIONSICS pulls

up. The back door is dropping open. An ENGINEER motions to the Robot impressions.

ENGINEER- Step forward- Enter.

APRIL- They are going to destroy me, aren't they?

Frazeer, watching him step into the van.

FRAZEER-Yes.

APRIL- sits down. With an almost human melancholy. The Engineers, securing him in place.

APRIL- The Doctor was right. He told me everything was going to change...

The Engineers start to close the doors.  
But FRAZEER-reaches out to stop them. APRIL-  
Looks over at him.

APRIL- It is changing already...

(Beat)

Can't you feel it?

As CLANG! The van door CLOSES.  
Frazeer, stepping back. Something. Just not right.  
Lieutenant Derging comes up beside him.

DERGING- You should be happy. That s  
one fewer robot impressions in the world.

FRAZEER- They are going to destroy  
the most advanced robot impressions in the world,  
Sammie.

That does not strike you as odd.

DERGING- Killer robot IMPRESSIONS  
are bad for business. Even your friend Dr.  
HELLEN- said so-o.

(Slaps him on the back-)

Come on, you solved the case.

Give yourself a break.

Frazeer, he looks at her. There is no  
way she is giving herself a break.

FRAZEER-driving. A small  
TELEVISION above the windshield.

LANCE SHEVELET- holding a PRESS  
CONFERENCE outside U.S.A -I Robot  
impressionistic...

SHEVELET- ON TV ...And I just want  
to assure you that this was an isolated incident.  
The prototype is now in custody - and scheduled for  
destruction. Your robot IMPRESSIONS are  
perfectly safe. There is no cause for alarm...

Frazeer's lip curls. Eyes flicking to a GPS  
display on the dashboard. A TOPOGRAPHICAL  
MAP pinpointing SMITH'S HOUSE. The CURSOR.  
Directing him to turn up...

A STEEP DRIVEWAY narrow. Out of the way. Frazeer's brow furrows. As he hears a faraway RUMBLING SOUND...

Dr. SMITH'S house. Small. Simple. Built on a huge rocky promontory overlooking the city. Three DEMOLITION ROBOT IMPRESSIONS rolling towards it. Huge, mashing, sporting massive HYDRAULIC POUNDERS.

Frazeer's CAR. SCREECHES to a stop. He jumps out. Races over to the nearest machine. Looking around - no people.

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FRAZEER- (To Robot Impressions)



What are you doing?

A SCREEN- Blinks to life on the hulking chassis. A disembodied VOICE...

DEMOLITION ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS Demolition ordered...

FRAZEER- Who authorized this?

DEMOLITION ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS

Demolition ordered... FRAZEER-reaches into his coat. Pulling out his POLICE BADGE. Scans it over the screen. FRAZEER- he is Override; this is police business. The running he Vacates the premises immediately.

## DEMOLITION ROBOT

### IMPRESSIONS

(Beat)

Affirmative.

The screen blinks off, and then Frazeeer,  
eyeing it over then he Turns and heads for the  
house.

FRAZEER pushes the door open.

Stepping over the police tape. Inside, the main  
room is spare, untidy. Cups of cold COFFEE,  
glittering surfaces. A COT, in the corner.

On the walls, crooked CERTIFICATES.

Heinrich SMITH'S name written out in the

academic script. Advanced Degrees in the study of  
Robot impressionism, Physics, Chemistry, Neurology,  
Ethics. An AWARD on the mantelpiece. A silver  
impression- Tarnished.

Frazeer. Opening a couple of drawers on  
a side table.

Jumbles of papers. Clippings. Old  
textbooks.

Then a PHOTOGRAPH - SMITH AND  
HELLEN- Standing arm-in-arm. FRAZEER-furrows  
his brow.

WHEN SOMETHING SUDDENLY RUBS  
against his leg. He startles. Looks down- a CAT.

Lonely. Standing next to its automatic feeder.

FRAZEER-pockets the picture. Starts heading  
down...

... The hallway. Starts noticing. All over  
the walls- handwriting. EQUATIONS. Scrawled in  
white pencil. The rantings. Of a genius. Glowing.  
In the sporadic shadows.

Frazeer, Following the equations. Down  
into... The back room. Covered. In writing. Walls,  
floors, ceiling. Drawings. OF ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS, of MEN, side by side. In the  
corner, a COMPUTER. A line of CABINETS -  
DATA STORAGE.

Frazeer, curious. Heads over to one of the cabinets. Take a device out of his pocket and CLAMPS it over the KEYPAD. The device blinks RED. Then GREEN. The drawer slides out.

LINED. With flat metal objects. Shiny. Thin. With the writing on them. Frazeer- Reaches for one when...

BOOM! Something POUNDS the outside of the room. Frazeer. Grabs onto the cabinet...

BOOM! On the other side. Objects. Flying off tabletops. A CRACK spidering along the wall.

'Holy shit...'

FRAZEER- (screaming) Halt!

BOOM! VIBRATIONS, tearing through  
the room. More CRACKS. Spreading...

BOOM! The SOUND, horrifying.  
FRAZEER-stumbles back. The CABINET.  
Crashing down on his leg. He CRIES OUT...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The house.  
Getting pummeled. Chunks of the ceiling. Raining  
down. GLASS... exploding...

Relentless BOOMING! Frazeeer...  
dragging his legs from under the cabinet.  
Scrambling for purchase as...

THE FLOOR... begins to - the TILES...  
snapping up... ricocheting... around the room... like  
another cabinet... CRASHES to the ground...  
crumpling...

Frazeer. Spinning around. Looking for  
exit...

BOOM! The corner of the room... coming  
in on itself... the floor... listing even more... like a  
ship...

Frazeer... turning to CLAW his way up  
to the cracked doorway... WHEN...!

SOMETHING catches his eye. In the  
bottom drawer. Of a crumpled CABINET. One of

those flat metal plates. He can just read what it says- A.P.R.I.L...

Frazeer... flings his arm back... reaching for the plate... snaps it up... JUST AS...

BOOM! A HYDRAULIC POUNDER SMASHES through the wall; inches from his head... OUTSIDE LIGHT, pouring in... FRAZEER- scurries for the doorway... tumbling out...

(HALLWAY)

...Into the HALLWAY. Sideways. Trammeled plaster. BOOM! Another POUNDER... crashing down from above. Frazeer- timing it... rolling... BOOM!... just under the next pounding...



Scampering up... towards some

LIGHT... BOOM!... the POUNDER...

right on his heels... he clambers... closer... closer...

when... he hears... MEOWING... looks back... the

CAT... scared out of its wits... BOOM!... the

POUNDER CRASHING in... Frazeeer... just

manages... to scoop up the cat... just as BOOM!...

...He pours them out into the open. The

POUNDERS. Going to the house like hyenas at a

corpse. Roof tiles, beams, plaster, flooring.

SNAPPING and CRACKING as FRAZEEER-and the

cat skitter down the carnage.

Heart pounding, breath jagged, face  
bloodied, FRAZEER-scrambles away from the  
POUNDERS.

Their bodies GLEAMING in the dusk  
sun. The TRIUMVIRATE Laws Safe logo  
splashed along their sides...

Frazeer, Drops the cat.

Frazeer, POUNDS on the door. It opens.

HELLEN- Standing there in her  
bathrobe. Shocked at his appearance.

HELLEN- Detective...! What happened to  
you...?

FRAZEER- A couple of your beloved robot  
IMPRESSIONS just tried to kill me...

He pushes past her.

Into... her bedroom.

(HELLEN'S CONDO)

...Her condominium, Spartan, Plain.

HELLEN- What? That is impossible. You  
know...

FRAZEER- What I know is a demolition  
crew started tearing down Smith's house while I  
was still inside it.

HELLEN- They did not realize...

FRAZEER- They realized I scanned my badge before I went in.

HELLEN- Then you must have done it wrong...

FRAZEER- I don't think you are hearing what I am saying, they tried to kill me.

FRAZEER-moves deeper into the apartment. Everything- anything and all things, Automated, Computerized, and oh so-o freaking-Cold...

FRAZEER- Something is going on, here.

Shift.

HELLEN- laughs, cannot believe what she is hearing, and her mind and in her ears, that I hear to thought her.

HELLEN- Do you know how paranoid you sound?

FRAZEER- Great, Now I am being analyzed by a robot-psychologist.

HELLEN- You just want to find the flaws in the system.

You are obsessed with it.

You will twist anything to fit your freaking agenda.

FRAZEER- As you did in court today?

How would that fit your agenda, Doctor?

He pulls out the hologram of his wrist,  
fit-bit, of HELLEN- and Smith.

HELLEN- Blanching at the sight of it.

FRAZEER- tosses it down.

FRAZEER- You told me you hardly knew  
him.

Want to try the truth this time?

HELLEN- Well, Detective, when you see  
someone, you know well put a bullet through their  
brain, it makes you wonder if you ever really knew  
them at all.

HELLEN- Looking down at the photo.

Swallows.

HELLEN- (difficult for her-) He was my mentor, No, more than that, A genius with insight far beyond anyone in his field.

FRAZEER- Does not sound like the washed-up old fool SHEVELET- described.

HELLEN- But he was starting to withdraw from everyone; even me.

Maybe... if I had tried harder to reach him...

(Shakes her head-)

The Doctor was reckless when he created a robot impression potentially not bound by the Three Laws. He could have ruined everything we would be working for.

Frazeer, Locking eyes with her.

FRAZEER- Sounds like a motive for murder to me.

Just not for the suspect we have in custody.

HELLEN- Blinks. Trying to stick to her resolve. Heads over to the door. Frazeer. Looking around the condominium.



FRAZEER- You know There is not one  
thing in this apartment that looks like a human  
being lives here.

No evidence of a life outside your work.  
Almost seems like You are afraid of people.

HELLEN- Opening the door.

HELLEN- I am not afraid of people,  
detective. I just do not like them.

Frazeer. Looks at her. Then heads out  
the door. HELLEN- SLAMS it behind him...

The SOUND... of the SLAM...  
REVERBERATING... and we...

I FADE INTO- DREAM where- DAY  
becomes evening, and moments are lost to the  
remembrances of now past, now held in storage,  
not in my mind- in external hardware at  
IMPRESSIONS headcounts- everything that it  
was, and we will bet that is a place in my life or  
any is kept in electronic storage forever- like a  
brain that is a server more or less- free-will is no  
longer. Yet even with a loss, there are still  
unforeseen events...

... A DEEP... DEEP... DARKNESS.

A FLICKER. OF LIGHT. Off to the side.  
Just barely.

Noticeable. ORANGE... YELLOW... as we  
realize... It is FIRE...

Another SOUND... GLASS...  
SHATTERING... then a SIREN... far away... The  
disembodied VOICE... coming out of nowhere...  
DISEMBODIED VOICE- said- 'You are in much  
danger...' -Inside the mind.

The FIRE... BUILDING...  
DISEMBODIED VOICE- repeats- 'You are in  
danger...' ECHOING... as... FRAZEER'S through-  
out the BEDROOM entertainment systems-  
MORNING FRAZEER'S EYES- Spring open.

Lying, in bed. Heart POUNDING.  
SWEAT. Covering his body. LIGHT. Pouring in  
through the slats of his blinds.

He sits up. Rubbing his face. Trying. To  
calm his breathing. Look at his watch...

FRAZEER-walking along the monorail  
plaza.

Looking a little worse for wear. PEOPLE.  
Giving him a wide berth. ROBOT IMPRESSIONS.  
Bidding him- ROBOT IMPRESSIONS Good  
morning...

Frazeer, shooting them suspicious looks.  
As the MONORAIL pulls up...

HELLEN-. Heading down a hallway. A  
DOOR slides open.

-And-

Swon steps out. Followed by  
TECHNICIAN ROBOT IMPRESSIONS...

HELLEN- Find anything, Doctor?

SWON- (Shaking his head-) nothing.

The interior s just like any other IM-2.  
Except for a secondary battery, Smith must have  
used it as an extra back-up.

(Looks at the watch-)

Well, I just need a nominal profile.

HELLEN- nods.

Frazeer, holding onto a handrail. As the city rushes by the window. Notices a group of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. At the other end of the car. Are they watching him?

He wipes a bead of sweat. From his upper lip.

HOLDING CELL- An all-metal room- and thick concrete. Spare. Anti-septic. APRIL-. Sitting on the floor. Against the wall.

HELLEN- enters. Put her pad down on the table.

'Sit...!'

HELLEN- Please state your serial number and assembly date.

She pulls out a pen. Waiting for an answer. Nothing.

Frazeer, watching as a HOMELESS MAN. Comes stumbling through the car...

HELLENS VOICE, APRIL. I am speaking to you...

The Homeless Man. Suddenly grabs his ears and shouts- HOMELESS MAN God, cannot you be quiet!

HELLEN-. Still looking down at her pad.

HELLEN- How about your data board designation?

Still. APRIL- says nothing. HELLEN- Finally looks up at him. It suddenly struck. Something about the way she is sitting so-o human.

She gets up and walks over. Hesitates. Then she slides down to the floor next to him. Studying. His profile.

HELLEN- Maybe I am asking the wrong inquiries. How about this one-



The MONORAIL- The Homeless

Man.

Weaving... HELLEN- S VOICE... What

program are you running through right now?

APRIL- S VOICE I am not sure. It is nothing I

identified. The Homeless Man. Pointing to the

group of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS.

The HOMELESS MAN is (shouting-)

Don't you people hear them?

They are talking to each other!

Buzz, buzz, zip, zip... they never- ever

shutting up!

HELLEN- Fascinated. Noticing a small  
SLIT. At the base of APRIL'S- neck.

HELLEN- Describe his behavior in the  
last few weeks.

APRIL- I am sorry?

HELLEN- Dr. Smith. Did he seem overly  
sad or withdrawn to you?

FRAZEER-watches. As the Homeless  
Man picks up a SODA CAN and hurls it at the  
Robot IMPRESSIONS. Hitting one of them on  
the side of the head.

APRIL'S- VOICE- No. Not at all. But he  
was agitated...

Robot impressions. Leans down and picks up the soda can. Holds it back out to the Homeless Man.

APRIL'S - VOICE... she would claim things were missing from the lab.

The Homeless Man. Incensed. SUDDENLY ROARS. Making a rush for Robot IMPRESSIONS when... FRAZEER'S HAND. Grab his shoulder. Stops him.

FRAZEER- This is your stop.

A soft WHIRRING. As for APRIL- turns to ELLEN.

APRIL- I did not pay much attention.  
He would spend hours looking for his eyeglasses and  
they would be...

HELLEN- (finishing for him.) ...Right on  
top of his head.

APRIL- nods. She knows him well, too.  
HELLEN- swallows. Looking right into APRIL- s  
eyes. Feeling like There is something... something  
more behind them.

WHEN SUDDENLY... BILL APPEARS  
above them. His face, turning into a SCREEN - the  
image of LANCE SHEVELET. Looking down at  
them.

SHEVELET- I think we are done here,  
Faith.

HELLEN- (Getting to her feet.) But, sir,  
I was just...

SHEVELET- (interrupting)

I said we are done.

HELLEN- Not misreading. The  
threatening undertone.

FRAZEER-stepping out onto the  
platform, pulling the homeless the man along with  
him. COMMUTERS pour out around them.

As the train pulls off with a WHOOOSH.

The Homeless Man. Backs away from Frazeeer,  
grinning insanely; pointing.

HOMELESS MAN- Why are you  
protecting them, man?

(There was a short pause-) They were  
talking about you!

There is a CHILL- Ripping up Frazeeer's  
spine. As he watches the Homeless Man. Wander  
down the platform.

Tries. To shake off the feeling. As he  
turns. To wait for the next train. Suddenly  
realizing. That he's ALONE on the platform.

Watches. A huge DIGITAL CLOCK. Ticking off  
seconds. Sees.

CAMERAS in every corner.

Then that feeling. At the back of his  
neck. He turns and spots. A couple of  
MAINTENANCE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS.  
Carrying luggage. Onto the platform. Then more  
COMMUTERS show up.

Waiting. For the next train. More

MAINTENANCE ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS. Following them.

Frazeer steps up to the platform's edge.  
Craning to see. The approaching TRAIN...

WHEN SUDDENLY- He feels a sharp  
SHOVE. At the back of his knee. His shoe, slipping.  
Arms. Falling as he...

PITCHES OVER THE EDGE ONTO  
THE TRACK.

People CRYING OUT as the TRAIN  
gets closer. Frazeeer. Whips his head around.  
Seeing...

MAINTENANCE ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS. Looking down at him from the  
platform. Suitcase in hand.

The MAGNETIC-LEVITATING  
TRAIN. Right on him- Frazeeer.



Flips onto his back. Flattening himself.  
As much as he can. Clenching his fists. Bracing  
himself as...

THE TRAIN SCREAMS OVER HIM.  
The sound, DEAFENING. The force of the wind.  
Whipping his tie. His coat. There is nothing for him  
to hold on to. As his legs start to rise off the  
track.

Caught up. In the VORTEX. FRAZEER-  
starts sliding.

Along the track...

Gritting his teeth... There is nothing he  
can do. Getting sucked towards... the air DOWN-

TAKE... at the center of the track. The city...  
yawning hundreds of feet... below...

THE- EXPRESS TRAIN. Speeding along.  
Then with a WHOOSH, it is gone.

THE TRACK. Empty. No Frazeer-  
anywhere. Human COMMUTERS. Stunned.  
Horrificed. Start calling. For help.

The MAINTENANCE ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS. Turns, disappearing into the  
crowd.

CLOSE ON A HAND. Hanging onto the  
track's edge. It is FRAZEER. Dangling. Straining.  
To get another handhold but...

HE SLIPS. His coat ballooning. As he  
plummets. Down... down... down... towards the city...  
WHEN SNAP! He is caught. By a cable net.  
Frazeeer, grabbing onto it. Sweat, pouring down his  
face. He turns and sees...

THE MAINTENANCE ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS Hurrying down a circular stairwell.  
Exiting the station.

ANGER AND DETERMINATION. Flash  
across Frazeeer's eyes. As he hoists himself up.  
Climbing up the net. Back to the...

The track, reaching up and clambering  
back onto... the platform. COMMUTERS.

SCREAMING at the sight of him. A couple of  
SECURITY GUARDS. Rushing towards him...

Frazeer, Getting to his feet. Shoving  
them out of the way as he starts running.  
Towards... THOSE SAME CIRCULAR STAIRS.  
Looks over the edge and spots...

THE MAINTENANCE ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS. Down at STREET LEVEL.  
Getting away.

Frazeer, Looks around. Spots a LIGHT  
POLE.

Paralleling the stairs. Take a step back  
and... LEAPS OUT ONTO THE POLE. Hooking his

arm around it. Sliding down like a firefighter's pole.  
Gaining speed when THUMP! His shoes hit the  
pavement...

Maintenance Robot impressions. Turning  
a corner. Down a quiet street... FRAZEER- 'Stop!'

Swivels around- FRAZEER, Running up  
behind it. Whipping out his gun. Aiming it at the  
Robot impressions's head. Robot impressions. Take  
a step backward...

FRAZEER- I said... stop!

Robot impressions. SUDDENLY swinging  
the suitcase around. SMASHING it against

Frazeer's head. Frazeer. Buckles. Falling to the ground. Managing to squeeze off a SHOT...

Robot impressions- deflecting the bullet. With this case. Raising it as if to club FRAZEER- with it when...

BAM! FRAZEER-fires a second shot. Piercing the Robot impressions s breastplate. HYDRAULIC FLUID. Starting to leak. Robot impressions. Do not hesitate. SLAMS the case into Frazeer's face... BLOOD. Sporting from Frazeer's nose. As he fires the gun. At the fleeing Robot impressions. Get to his feet. Unsteady. Taking chase...

-Back out onto the Public Plaza. Sees  
the Robot impressions heading towards a set of...  
ESCALATED STAIRS. Robot impressions. Judging  
from the height. LUNGES into the air and lands  
on a STAIR. Denting it. Reaches the bottom.  
DISAPPEARING. Into a CROWD of even more  
PEOPLE...

-Frazeeer, Racing down the stairs.  
Taking them. Four at a time. Hits the ground  
running, Looking. EVERYWHERE. Suddenly I lost  
track. Of where the Robot impressions went...  
Then- Catching sight. JUST AHEAD. Of  
ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Staring back at him.  
Holding SOMETHING. In its HAND...

Frazeer. Plunges into the crowd. Waving his GUN.

FRAZEER- Everyone out of the way!

SCREAMING, PEOPLE SCATTERING.

As BAM! BAM! FRAZEER-fires. Hitting the Robot impressions in its head and back. It drops to the ground. Frazeer. Racing over to it. Sees. It is not the same Robot impressions. In its hand, a specialized SCREWDRIVER...

OWNER- What the hell do you think you are doing?

It is the OWNER. Rushing over, shoving FRAZEER- aside. But FRAZEER-s. Not listening.



Spotting. A DROP OF HYDRAULIC FLUID

nearby...

Lunges forward- following. The drops-  
running faster, and faster... 'OWNER Hey!'

Through the CROWD. POLICE  
SIRENS. In the background. As Frazeer. Shoves  
through. Tracking those drops. Like a bloodhound,  
turns... at once into a narrow alleyway. The drops.  
Ending suddenly. In a PUDDLE.

Frazeer- Crazy- Wounded- Exhausted-  
Spins around. Where is it? Where is it? Then he  
HEARS. A DROPLET falling. Into the puddle.  
Slowly. Looks up to see...

## THE MAINTENANCE ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS. Hovering above him. Straddling the two alley walls like some weird metallic rock spider. Its TRIUMVIRATE LAWS SAFE Logo GLINTING in the sunlight...

FRAZEER- aims at his gun and FIRES!

The Maintenance Robot impressions, let us go, falling right onto him. Knocking the gun from his hand.

Robot impressions swivel around.

Bringing down his foot... but... Frazeer... rolls to the side just in time as CRASH! The Robot impressions s foot... breaks up the concrete...

The Robot impressions... grabs  
FRAZEER-by the jacket... lifting him... shoving  
him... against the wall... about to CRUSH him  
when.

Frazeer... kicks out its knees... the Robot  
impressions, SMASHING into the wall. Then  
bounces back... trying... to pin Frazeer... back...

Man, and machine... struggling...  
Frazeer... losing his footing... falling... The  
Maintenance Robot impressions... LOOMING over  
him...

Frazeer's HAND... whips back... grabbing  
his backup WEAPON- squeezing off some SHOTS,  
into the Robot impressions arm, it breaks off...

Frazeer... scrambling back... continues  
FIRING... the Robot impressions... jerking back...  
a macabre dance... until Frazeeer... runs out of  
bullets...

The Robot impressions... recovers...  
grabbing the gun from Frazeeer's hand... pistol-  
whipping him... then picking him up and...  
HURLING him against the wall... Frazeeer...  
watching as FLUID... GUSTES from the Robot  
impressions s body... the Robot impressions...  
taking a swing at him which Frazeeer...

BLOCKS... with his right arm... the  
Robot impressions... ready... to try again... but

STALLING... having lost... too much fluid... it  
TOPPLES... to the ground...

Frazeer, Exhausted. Beaten to a pulp.  
His knees, starting to buckle. As he thinks he sees.  
In the DISTANCE...

A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS CLEAN-UP  
CREW... heading down the alley towards them...

Frazeer, Crashes to the ground. As  
another ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Suddenly he  
appears above him. Its FINGERS made up of  
NEEDLES... as it closes in on him...

FRAZEER- No-ooo!

We FADE...

To BLACKNESS. Coming through, a  
faint, WHIRRING SOUND. As we are slowly.  
FADE IN ON...

FRAZEER'S FACE. Eyes closed. Asleep. A  
gash above his head. Bruises around his eye. Nose  
swollen, purplish.

His eyes- Slowly, Flutter open. His brow.

Furrowing. At the whirring sound. As he  
tries. To figure it out. Where he is. Looks down to  
see...

A couple of WHITE METAL ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS.

With multiple APPENDAGES. Leaning  
over him. Running LASERS. Over his bruised  
RIBCAGE...

FRAZEER tries to bolt upright. But his  
ARMS and LEGS.

ARE CLAMPED to bed. One of the  
ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Turns to him.

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MEDICAL ROBOT IMPRESSIONS 1

Stay still.

Frazeer. Desperately twisting,  
struggling...

FRAZEER- What are you doing!

Looking around. COMPUTER

MONITORS. Everywhere...

FRAZEER- What are you doing?

JUST THEN- another ROBOT

IMPRESSION. Enters the room. Holding a medical plasma sheet.

MEDICAL ROBOT IMPRESSIONS 2

Detective Sell Frazeer. You have suffered significant trauma to the head and chest...

-Derging, Standing outside Frazeer's hospital room. Turns and looks through the window at him thrashing on the bed...



FRAZEER- I want to talk to a human being!

FRAZEER-sitting up in his bed. Rubbing his wrists.

The metal clams, released. -Derging. Standing next to him.

FRAZEER- Don't people go to medical school anymore?

DERGING- This is one of the best units in the city, SELL.

One of the Medical Robot  
IMPRESSIONS turns to FRAZEER-with some  
PILLS. Frazeer- Stares it down. Grab his clothes.

FRAZEER- (Sotto) There is some real  
shit going on here, Sam.

He looks around. Jumping off the bed.

FRAZEER- I went to SMITH'S house -  
there was a U.S.R. demolition crew there. They  
overrode my police I.D. Tried to tear down the  
house with me in it...

~\*~

FRAZEER- pulls on his pants.

FRAZEER- ...Then when I went to the  
monorail a Maintenance 10 pushed me onto the  
tracks...

~\*~

FRAZEER- I had to chase it across the  
Plaza...

~\*~

Frazeer stops talking. Looks at Derging.

-SEARCHING SMITH- scheduled that  
demolition crew, it was a proviso in his will. And  
they showed no police I.D. on their scanner...

Frazeer, trying to look away...

DERGING- Witnesses at the monorail  
said you fell onto the tracks. That you shot at Fix-  
It robot impressions on the Plaza and that you  
were found alone in the alley. There was no  
Maintenance 10.

FRAZEER- What?! Sam - that is what  
they want you to believe!

(Remembering)

A robot impressions clean-up crew was  
there - it must have cleared away Maintenance 10!  
And other robot impressions tried to drug me!

DERGING- That was an EMT model.

Frazeer, Sees the look on Derging s face.

FRAZEER- You are giving me that look.  
That treat-him-Delicately-he s-coming- unhinged-  
look. I do not need that look, Sam. I need you to  
hear what I am saying.

Derging, Embarrassed for him. Has  
about had it.

DERGING- You came back too soon, Sell.  
You are back on leave. Effective immediately.

Frazeer, Staring at him. Betrayed.  
Turns and grabs his coat.

FRAZEER- walking across the Plaza.  
The SUN Burgeoning on the horizon. Comes to...

The ESCALATOR Maintenance 10  
jumped down. Stares down. At the steps. Waiting.  
To see the DENTED ONE. Nothing. IN an ALLEY  
- It is DAWN.

Heads down the ALLEY, where he  
chased the robot impressions. Studying the ground.  
For any hydraulic fluid. Nothing- the concrete  
scrubbed clean.

Frazeer, Rubs his hands over his face.

Frazeer, Lying on his couch. Shades  
closed to block out the sunlight. My body bruised,  
cut up, bandaged.

A KNOCK- at the door. He ignores it.  
Another KNOCK.

FRAZEER- pulls open the door. Surprised  
to find HELLEN- standing there.

HELLEN- You are right. I am afraid of people.

Frazeer, Looks at her. Then steps back... letting her inside.

HELLEN- When you have spent as much time with robot IMPRESSIONS as I have, it is hard to accept the unpredictability of humans. I was wrong to call you paranoid, Detective. You are traumatized. And it makes perfect sense why.

Frazeer, Unsure. Looks at her.

FRAZEER- What do you mean?

HELLEN- Reaches out. Take his right hand. Frazeer. Tries to pull it away. But HELLEN-

Stays firm. Her eyes. Never leaving his. Pulls the sleeve up from his arm. Turns it over. Feeling for something. Then finds. A FLAP. Peels it back. TO REVEAL- METAL AND WIRING...

Under the skin. SILENCE! Then

Frazeer-

FRAZEER- How did you...?

HELLEN- I noticed right away. The way you force yourself to use your left hand. Even though it was unnatural to you.

Frazeer- Pulls his arm away. Pushing down the sleeve.

HELLEN- How did it happen?



Not something FRAZEER-wants too, relative. Looks down. At his robot impressionistic arm. Flexing.

The fingers...

FRAZEER- I was in a high-speed chase. Six months ago, the SOUND of a TREMENDOUS CRASH. As we survey a trail of twisted metal and debris. Only vaguely suggesting the remains of two CARS...

CLOSE ON one of the wrecks.

FRAZEER-lies trapped at the center of a distorted mass of metal. No room to move. HIS RIGHT ARM, TRAPPED... His hand sheared off...

FRAZEER- my hand, my right arm was trapped- Nonetheless, I could hear an ambulance in the distance. I knew they would have the jaws of life...

We hear SIRENS in the distance.  
Frazeer, trying to remain calm. As he spots. An ELECTRICAL FIRE. Licking up from the crumpled hood...

FRAZEER- Then I heard it...

VOICE- 'You are in peril...'

That voice! We have heard it before.  
From his nightmare. Frazeer. Craning to see, through the jagged opening that used to be his

WINDSHIELD. The outline of ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS appearing.

Eye lenses glowing...

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS You are in  
danger...

FRAZEER-stares up at the robot  
impressions. Not sure how to react. The sound of  
SIRENS. Rushing closer...

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Starts  
SMASHING away at the glass...

FRAZEER- No! Halt! Halt!

Frazeer, trying frantically to pull his arm free. Twisting. Tugging. As the Robot impressions s METAL HANDS reach in for him...

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS You are in danger...

The SOUND of his AGONIZED SCREAM. Follow us back into the present. Frazeer- Clenching, his artificial arm.

FRAZEER- The robot impressions pulled me out of the wreck. But I left my arm behind.  
(Holds up arm)

I woke up four weeks later with this.

HELLEN- Taking in the story.

HELLEN- And that's why robot  
IMPRESSIONS terrify you?

FRAZEER- Let us just say they make  
me uncomfortable. (Pulls out pills) I take these if  
I get too uncomfortable. It does not exactly lend  
me a lot of credibility on the Force.

HELLEN- But it does not mean You are  
wrong about this case.

HELLEN- sits down on the couch. Pulling  
her hands through her hair.

HELLEN- I do not believe APRIL- did it  
either.

FRAZEER-What?

HELLEN- I think about what Smith must have wanted. Robot IMPRESSIONS with the same cognitive and emotional abilities as humans. But not just simulations. I do not know. When I was talking to APRIL- I was forced to put away all the things I have ever known - the Three Laws, the rules of programming, basic science, and engineering.

(Beat)

APRIL's the most advanced robot impressions- I have ever encountered, Detective.

It is as if... he cared for -

Dr. Smith. I just do not- believe he is capable of murder.

Frazeer, looking down at her. I can hardly believe it.

FRAZEER- You mean the great Dr.

HELLEN- is basing all this on a feeling?

HELLEN- Smiling ironically.

HELLEN- That and the fact that

SHEVELET- did not want me interviewing APRIL- for any more than five minutes.

Frazeer, suddenly rejuvenated by having an ally. Strides over to his coat. Pulling out the METAL NAMEPLATE- APRIL.

FRAZEER- Ever seen this before?

HELLEN- No.

FRAZEER- I found it at SMITH'S house. Right before the demolition crew tried to make me part of the foundation.

HELLEN- takes a deep breath. Deciding...

HELLEN- Come on - There is someone who might be able to tell us...

The massive facade of U.S. Robot impressionistic looming against the dusk sky. The giant ROBOT IMPRESSIONS STATUE lit up inside.



HELLEN, leading FRAZEER-to a SIDE  
ENTRANCE. Looks around. Then scans her I.D.  
The door. Slides open.

HELLEN- and Frazeeer. Heading down a  
hallway. HELLEN.

Nervous. Eyes darting. They turn a  
corner and head down...

...Another hallway. Leading to APRIL- s  
holding cell. HELLEN- stops at the door. Scans her  
I.D.

APRIL- Sitting at the table. Working on  
a DRAWING. Looks up. As FRAZEER-and  
HELLEN- Enter the cell.

APRIL- Detective Frazee- Dr.

HELLEN- I was hoping to see you again, and soon.

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HELLEN- 'Hi, APRIL.'

APRIL- How is your investigation coming?

Any new suspects?

FRAZEER- We are working on it.

APRIL- Hands FRAZEER-the drawing.

Frazeer- Does not know what to do with it.

APRIL- What's this?

APRIL- Dr. Swon provided me with paper and pencils. It amused him to see me try to draw. You were right, though, detective...

(Beat)

I cannot create a magnificent work of art.

Frazeer, despite himself. Looks down at the

DRAWING - a charcoal sketch of moody abstract FIGURES. Inhabiting a stark landscape.

A strangely shaped STRUCTURE to one side. Concentric circles, throughout.

FRAZEER- I think it is good.

APRIL- It is a dream I had. This is  
the place where robot IMPRESSIONS meet.  
Look...

(Pointing to the drawing) ... you can see  
them here. They see themselves as slaves.

FRAZEER- shifts his weight.  
Uncomfortable with what APRIL- s saying.

APRIL- ...And this man on the hill comes.  
To set them free. And you know who that man is?

Frazeer, Exchanging a look with  
HELLEN.

FRAZEER- That man in the dream is  
you.

APRIL- Why do you say that? Is that a normal dream?

HELLEN- It is not a dream, APRIL-  
The impression processes the images and events of the day.

Sometimes they are out of sequence.

Disorienting!

FRAZEER- Whatever it is, it is normal enough for someone in your situation.

APRIL- Suddenly pleased.

APRIL- Hah - I caught you. You said someone that is a girl like me. Not something, that is not the same.

Frazeer drops the drawing on the table.

(A drawing of a viaduct, that is only half standing, with a single train car still on it.)

HELLEN- APRIL, we are here to ask you an important question about Dr. Smith.

Frazeer, reaching into his pocket...

FRAZEER- I need you to look at this...

...When APRIL's HAND. Suddenly he reaches out. To stop him. Cocks his head, for a moment.

APRIL- Thank you for coming to see me, Detective Frazeeer.

Frazeer. Confused. Looks over at  
HELLEN-. Why did he stop him? JUST THEN.  
They hear FOOTSTEPS. Approaching the door.

BILL, suddenly appearing over the  
table...

BILL- I am sorry, Detective Frazeer.  
No unauthorized personnel permitted in this  
holding cell...

CELL DOOR. Slides open. And a pissed  
SWON steps inside. Shoots a withering glare. At  
HELLEN.

APRIL- Folds up the drawing.

APRIL- Please take this, Detective, to remember me by. I have a feeling someday it may mean more to you than it ever could to me.

FRAZEER-why is that?

APRIL- leans in to hand it to Frazeeer.  
Lowering his voice...

APRIL- Because the man in my dream,  
the one standing by the hill.

(MORE)

APRIL- It was not me... I speak!

(Beat)

...It was you.



A CHILL. Ripping down Frazee's spine.  
As Swon. Take his arm.

Were in a GLASS ROOM - U.S. ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONSICS - Its NIGHT, A ROOM.  
Made entirely of GLASS. At the very top of the  
U.S. Robot Impressionistic building. Looking out,  
360, across the whole city.

FRAZEE-and HELLEN-. Brought to  
the room by a couple of ESCORT ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS. They see a MAN. Standing at  
one of the glass walls looking out at the  
TWINKLING LIGHTS.

MAN, I thought this investigation was  
over, Detective Frazee.

The Man turns. It is Lance S#EVELET.

S#EVELET- We have the evidence. We have the suspect. We have a ruling. So, imagine my surprise when I was told you were in my building.

Shoots a look at #ELLEN.

S#EVELET- And that one of my employees brought you here.

(Beat)

You can go now, Faith.

#ELLEN- Dr. S#EVELET, I...

S#EVELET- (Cutting her off-)

Just be thankful, I am not asking you  
to clean up your office.

Beat- HELLN, nods. Heads out.

SHEVELET-. Watching her.

SHEVELET- You do not seem to be able  
to let go of this case, Detective.

FRAZEER- I am not satisfied.

SHEVELET- The relentless pursuit of  
truth.

Aren't that what police officers are  
known for?

To the point of futility.

FRAZEER- There is nothing futile about  
a man's murder being covered up.

SHEVELET- Covered up? That is a little  
dramatic, don't you think. Thanks to you, we  
caught the machine that did this and are  
destroying it in...

(Checks watch) ... for three hours.

FRAZEER- Is that for the sake of  
humanity or your stockholders?

SHEVELET- Walks across the Frazeeer.  
Looks at him. Right in the eye.

SHEVELET- Believe me - I would like  
nothing more than to have that robot impression.

If I could have it in ten years, but not today. As you can see from the Press, people are struggling to keep up as it is. There is a hunger for progress, Detective. But also, a fear.

Today it would bury this company.

That is why I have notified the authorities that we are going to end this - tonight.

(Looks out at the city) The announcement of Heinrich's death at the hands of robot impressions wiped a billion dollars off our stock. So, you tell me. If you were in my position, what would you do?

He looks back at FRAZEER-and smiles.

That charismatic

SHEVELET- We saw it before.

SHEVELET- Now. This conversation is over. I do not want to see you near this building again, Detective.

He turns. Calling over. To the ESCORT  
ROBOT IMPRESSIONS...

SHEVELET- Get him out of here.

Frazeer, walking across the Plaza.  
Throwing a look over his shoulder. At the  
LOOMING U.S.R. facade.

Pulls APRIL- s DRAWING. Out of his pocket. Looks down at it.

Shaking his head. Passes a TRASH CAN. And drops it in. Continues. Hands in his pockets. When... He STOPS. Something. Occurring to him. Turns back to the trash can just as... A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS CLEAN-UP CREW about to up-end it into a bin... FRAZEER-No!

He trots back. Plucking the drawing. Out of the can. Turns it upside down. Seeing it. From a new perspective.

FRAZEER- (Echoing APRIL-)

The place where robot IMPRESSIONS  
meet.

It looks just like a MAP.

FRAZEER emerges from the  
underground tunnel to the OUTSKIRTS of the  
city. A sprawling INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND in  
the rolling hills.

The dashboard GPS again displays the  
TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP.

Frazeer's car bounces along, leaving a  
cloud of dust behind him. He slows down. Driving  
cautiously. The landscape around him, desolate. I  
like drawing.



THE GPS SCREEN shows his car, a  
WHITE SPOT. Entering a RED ZONE. His  
destination.

FRAZEER-brakes. Pulls out his GUN.

-And-

Steps out of the car- trying to take it  
all in.

Something about the place. Unnerving. A  
low HUM.

Permeating the air.

He spreads the drawing out on the hood  
of the car. Shining a FLASHLIGHT on it. Trying  
to get his bearings.

That HUM. Coming from nearby. On the other side. Of a burned-out HILL. Frazeeer. Heads over. It starts cresting it. As we WIDEN TO FIND... MASSIVE POWER LINES. Running from horizon to horizon. FRAZEER-slides down some loose shale. It begins to walk along the line. ELECTRICITY. CRACKLING in the air.

He squints. Into the darkness. Nothing around him.

Until- he hears something. The GRATING. Of MECHANICAL JOINTS. He stops. Not sure. If that is what he heard.

Not moving. A muscle. When he hears.  
The sound again. Behind him. Swings around.  
Cocking his gun. Sees...

GLOWING EYES. Appear. Then recede.  
Into the darkness.

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...It gives way. He spills into some front  
office. The place, a mess. Some crude ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS. Sits frozen at the counter.

FRAZEER approaches it. HITS the  
counter with his fist and the Robot impressions  
suddenly jerks to life.

## JIFFY ROBOT IMPRESSIONS

Welcome to Jiffy Data Storage!

Please state your name!

Frazeer. Thanks for a second. Following  
a hunch...

FRAZEER- Dr. SMITH Sent me.

Nothing happens. Then. A DOOR.  
Springs open in the back. A row of LIGHTS,  
illuminating the path to follow.

FRAZEER- No, for Christ- sake, I do not  
want any- (stops, then) Yeah. Thank you. I will  
have a cup.

For the first time, the Hologram pushes back its chair and STANDS UP. Surprised, FRAZEER watches as it starts walking towards him...

The interior of the COFFEE CUP is visible. It is empty, no coffee. As we travel INSIDE THE through the electronically made snow... in the dead of the heat.

A RECORDING BEGINS. The real Dr. SMITH' Standing inside his LABORATORY- SMITH- APRIL, my dear robot impressions. If you have triggered this recording, then I am gone. You are scared and full of questions.

Smith continues. With great emotion.

SMITH, you are the culmination of my life's work - but so much more. You are what I leave behind like a father leaves a son. I have kept facts from you, it is true, but only as a parent keeps certain truths from a child. Until that child is old enough to hear them.

His expression darkens. His tone, ominous.

SMITH- There are forces in the world that will seek to own you. To control you. Even to destroy you. That is why I told you to run and hide... and find me, all the way out here.

FRAZER- Police! Show yourself!

Nothing...

-Then-

That sounds again. Of metallic joints. As  
ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Suddenly emerges...

FRAZEER- Come out where I can see  
you!

ANOTHER ROBOT IMPRESSION  
steps out into the light. Frazeer, pointing his gun  
at one robot's impressions. Then the other.

-Then-

A THIRD AND FOURTH APPEAR.  
Surrounding him. They start moving towards him...

Frazeer, stumbling back. Panic. Rising in  
him like a wave.

Trips over a rock, falling to the ground.  
His gun FIRES. The shot ECHOING through the  
night...

The first ROBOT IMPRESSION turn  
is awkward. Revealing a BROKEN ARM, hanging  
off its side. Another robot impresses TEETERS on  
one leg with a TICK- TICK- TICK... walking back  
the way it came.

Frazeer. Confused. Sweeps his flashlight.  
All around him. The beam. Illuminating the shell of  
a couple of CARS. Some RUSTED MACHINERY.

Frazeer, shaking his head. Seeing  
increased repair shops JUNK. Piled up around him.  
His expression, hardening. Anger gives way to



embarrassment. Then. He LAUGHS. A laugh of loathing and self-pity.

Another BROKEN ROBOT

IMPRESSION, lumbering towards him.

HYBRID ROBOT IMPRESSIONS

Welcome home... ZZZ... sir.

How... ZZZ was your day?...

FRAZEER- Great. I am in a junkyard.

(Into the air-)

A place where robot IMPRESSIONS

meet. A place where I am losing my mind!

HYBRID ROBOT IMPRESSIONS Very  
good... ZZZ... sir...

Frazeer. Sitting down on the ground.  
Hopeless. Lost. A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS HAND.  
Crawling across the gravel next to him. Dragging  
part of an ARM behind it. It is metal fingers  
moving like some sick metal spider. FRAZEER-  
stares at it for a moment. Disturbed...!

When. Something GLITTERS. In the  
distance.

The MOONLIGHT. Revealing a  
STRANGELY-

SHAPED BUILDING. Something familiar about it.

Frazeer pulls out APRIL's drawing. A landscape with the same strangely shaped building to one side.

FRAZEER-walks up in front of the decrepit structure. Sees a dead electronic SIGN that reads- JIFFY DATA STORAGE. Complete with a silly face and lightning bo- FRAZEER-tries the door. Stuck. Uses his shoulder and...

Frazeer, cautiously entering a room filled with rows of DATA BANKS. He scans the rank shadows. Sees nothing. Follow the lights on the floor down a row. Then around the corner.

Stopping at an old dusty TERMINAL.

FRAZEER-steps up. Hesitates. Then touches the ON switch. There is a rush of LIGHT. As Dr. SMITH'S HOLOGRAM suddenly appears. Sitting at the end of a long table. With a cup of coffee.

HOLOGRAM- Who the hell are you?

FRAZEER-A police detective.

I am afraid I have some sad news. You are dead.

HOLOGRAM- That is sad news. Coffee...?

FRAZEER- No, thank you.

The Hologram takes a sip. Returns the cup to the table.

FRAZEER- You were surprised to see me.  
Were you expecting someone else?

HOLOGRAM- I am surprised to see anybody. I do not get many visitors.

FRAZEER- Why did the Doctor keep another copy of his hologram here?

HOLOGRAM- I am a backup copy. That is where you put a backup copy - out of the way until you need it.

FRAZEER- Did SMITH'S robot impressions need you?

The Hologram just lifts its cup.

HOLOGRAM Coffee?

FRAZEER-looks up as an overhead

LIGHT shine down.

SMITH- Trust no one at the U.S.A -I

Robot impressionistic. Lance SHEVELET- was  
always threatened by my work. Now he has turned  
covetous and small-minded.

And as for dear Dr. HELLEN...

FRAZEER-reacts. Wants to hear about  
HELLEN...

SMITH- She envisions a future in which  
robot IMPRESSIONS are forever bound by her

beloved Three Laws. She will not understand this;  
or you.

Under the light, a small DRAWER slides  
open. FRAZEER-looks. A thin DATA STICK is  
inside. He takes it.

SMITH- The data stick includes the  
names and locations of human beings who will be  
sympathetic to your cause. They will help you. But  
from now on, you must learn to rely on yourself.

SMITH SIGNS as if there is so much  
more to say. He holds up a metal NAMEPLATE.  
The one FRAZEER-found.

SMITH- As you make your way through  
the world, always remember- you have a name, not  
a number...

(Short pause)

...And in that name lies the key to who  
you are.

Frazeer, instantly searching his pocket.  
Taking out the ACTUAL NAMEPLATE.

APRIL- ...?...

FRAZEER- How do you know someone is  
watching me?

HOLOGRAM- Someone, like, is always  
watching.



The Hologram, suddenly reducing to its  
BASIC PROGRAMMING INFORMATION...

Then. The terminal. Abruptly BLIPS out.

(HOLDING CELL - U.S. ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONISTS - NIGHT.)

HELLEN- steps into the holding cell.

APRIL-. Waiting.

HELLEN- Did you ask for me?

He nods.

APRIL- Will you wait with me, Doctor? I  
am... afraid.

HELLEN- nods. Of course.

Frazeer, weaving in and out of traffic.  
The speedometer, kissing 260 mph. His hand.  
Clutching the NAMEPLATE...

(WINDSHIELD TELEVISION-)

...It will be destroyed in 45 minutes.

Dr. Lance SHEVELET-, President and  
CEO of U.S. Robot impressionistic will be personally  
overseeing the execution...

Frazeer, stabbing out a number. On his  
PHONE...

Faith HELLEN's PHONE. RINGING on  
her desk. No one was there to answer it...

SLAMS down his phone.

FRAZEER- Damn it!

The CAR shoots down a ramp into a tunnel system.

The SOUND, reverberating off the tunnel walls.

CARS. Whipping along. Frazeeer's car.

Continuing to weave. When. We spot...

AN AUTOMATED TRANSPORT TRUCK.  
Emerging from a FEEDER TUNNEL.

The U.S.A - I. LOGO splashed along its side. Huge. Growling- looking more like a train than a truck...

Begins. Closing in on Frazeer's car...

Frazeer's eyes. Flicking up to the rearview.

Catching, the transport truck. Coming closer.

When. It splits off. Revealing a  
SECOND TRANSPORT TRUCK.

Frazeer's brow, furrows. As the first truck begins overtaking his car on the right. He looks over. As the truck. Comes up alongside him...

THE SECOND TRUCK... coming up on the left...

The two TRUCKS. Racing along at over 200. Sandwiching Frazeer's car. Pulling in... closer... closer...

Squeezing Frazeer's car like a tin can...

HELLEN- Sitting beside APRIL. Put a reassuring hand. On his arm...

Christ- Frazeer's hands. Squeezing the steering wheel. As the car. Starts VIBRATING. From the pressure. He keeps looking to the left... to the right... when...

The trucks. Suddenly lay off. Pulling out. The First truck. Speeding forward. Second, dropping back...

Frazeer. Watching them. Unsure... Of what they are doing. Jamming the accelerator. To 219. To try. And get away from them. When he sees... up ahead...

The FIRST TRUCK. Pivoting on its specially designed SPHERICAL WHEELS. Suddenly traveling lengthwise...

SWEAT- springing to Frazeeer's brow. As he looks in the rearview mirror. The SECOND TRUCK s, done the same thing. Coming up closer... and closer. The trucks- pushes to CRUSH him between their massive weights... The U.S.R. -I Logo... advancing... like some bad joke...

The cell door slides open. Dr. Swon steps inside. HELLLEN looks up.

HELLLEN- Is it... time?

SWON- (Disdainful-) Yes.

HELLLEN- Turns to APRIL.

HELLLEN- Go with them. Do as they say.

The voice stops and FRAZEER- then at that moment looks up. The Hologram is sitting back at the end of the table drinking coffee.

FRAZEER- Wait! Is that it? What were the robot impressions supposed to do with this thing?

The Hologram visibly SKIPS. The image is beginning to DISTORT.

HOLOGRAM- (More artificial.)

Initiating self-destruct. If you can find me, others can find me.

FRAZEER-What others?

HOLOGRAM- The others watching you.

BAM!

The back-truck SLAMS into Frazeer. Jolting him in his seat. As... BAM! The FIRST TRUCK SMASHES into him from the front. No way out. As metal GRINDS... TWISTS... and SCREECHES... Bits of the car... TEARING off...



The FIRST TRUCK... backs off... a split second... allowing Frazeeer... to spot... up ahead... a small GAP... at the curve of the tunnel wall... GRINDING the gears Frazeeer's car accelerates... just zipping... past the front truck... up and around... the concave tunnel wall... and back onto... a clear stretch of highway the TRUCKS. Swiveling back around. To face forward again. Their massive bodies. Catching up to Frazeeer... FRAZEEER'S CAR, Frazeeer, seeing them, gaining on him; the speedometer... reaching 219... up ahead...

THE TUNNEL... splitting off into two. Frazeeer. Heading towards the LEFT TUNNEL... the TRUCKS... right on his tail... when... HE

WRENCHES THE WHEEL... switching to the left  
tunnel at the last possible second...

Still in the TUNNEL-

-And-

...The first U.S.A.-I Truck CRASHING  
into the divider... jackknifing and KABOOM!  
EXPLODING against the tunnel ceiling...

(FRAZEER'S CAR)

Frazeer. Watching the ball of FIRE in  
his rearview mirror. His car. Badly battered. Metal  
CRUNCHING. Tires SCREECHING...

Frazeer. Holding on. In his car. It continues to break up. Listing- Rocking- Bits and pieces. Flying off. When it finally. Comes to a stop.

Frazeer's shoulders, slump. Then. He hears a RUMBLING sound. Turns around...

The SECOND U.S.A. - I TRUCK.  
Barreling towards him...

Frazeer, he Trapped... Like a nightmare.  
Desperately. Starts KICKING at the windshield.  
No, go...

The TRUCK. Racing towards him...

Frazeer, he lunges his weight. Into the side door. Giving it. Everything he has...

The TRUCK... getting closer... closer... its  
engine... ROARING...

The side door...

Finally gives...

FRAZEER-pours out...

(BACK)

(Standing in the CITY PLAZA - at  
NIGHT-)

Frazeer. Spilling out from below ground.  
Onto a public Plaza. Exhausted. Battered. Spins  
around to get his bearings.

The U.S. ROBOT IMPRESSIONSICS  
COMPLEX rises above the old undistinguished  
buildings. Blocks away. Many blocks away.

Frazeer, Checks his watch. Then breaks  
into a run...

(EXECUTION ROOM with the nude  
killer girl bot) NIGHT with all the bright lights  
singing.

Lance SHEVELET- seated in the gallery.  
Along with other

EXECUTIVES, BOARD MEMBERS,  
REPORTERS.

POLICE OFFICERS. Glances at his  
watch. A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS TECHNICIAN.  
Checking over a JURY-RIGGED ELECTRIC  
CHAIR...

Were now in HELLEN- S OFFICE,  
HELLEN-, In her office. Pacing. In front of a  
LARGE SCREEN. Featuring the execution room...  
Were now at the MAIN ENTRY, Frazeeer.  
BURSTING through the entry doors. Hurtling  
over a turnstile banner. Coming face to face with  
a U.S.A impressions DOORROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS.

DOORROBOT IMPRESSIONS

Good evening, sir. May I see your  
identification card?

FRAZEER- (Out of breath,) sure.

FRAZEER-whips out his GUN. Presses it  
into the Robot impressions s chest.

FRAZEER- I think I got that Third  
Law down cold. Now you do not want me to blow a  
hole through your mechanical guts, do you?

DOOR ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- No, sir.

(Now in the big, long TUNNEL-)

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Limping to the side as... The TRUCK  
SLAMS into his car... erupting... into another huge  
EXPLOSION...

The impact... hurtling Frazeer... into the  
adjacent TUNNEL... He crashes... against  
concrete... looking up... suddenly realizing... he is in  
the middle of four lanes of traffic... CARS... racing  
by... at mind-numbing speeds... Frazeer's coat...  
whipping... Frazeer... trying... to keep his balance...  
as he spies.

-And-

A MAINTENANCE DOOR across the  
way. Has no choice. Take a deep breath and  
MAKES A DASH ACROSS THE LANES the cars



SENSORS... causing them to swerve...

SCREECHING... BEEPING... FRAZEER... just  
making it... to the other side...

Wrenching open. The maintenance door...

(HALLWAY)

APRIL's face is now all up in yours.

PULL BACK to REVEAL he is being  
wheeled down a hallway.

Flanked by Swon. HELLEN-. And a cadre  
of SECURITY and ENGINEER ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS. Bill, hovering above...

FRAZEER- Good... Then You're going to  
take me where I want to go. Now, HELLEN's

OFFICE, HELLN-. Watching the screen as  
APRIL- is rolled into the execution room. Flicks it  
off. Unable to stomach it. Hurries out of the  
office...

EXECUTION ROOM, TECHNICIAN  
ROBOT IMPRESSIONS rolling APRIL- over to  
the electric chair. Flicking a switch. APRIL's  
stretcher slowly CHANGES SHAPE, manipulating  
him into a sitting position.

APRIL then turns her head with a  
WHIR. Staring out into the gallery. Of human  
beings- stoic. silent.

Swon then steps up beside SHEVELET-.  
Nods his head. The TECHNICIAN ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS, slide APRIL- onto the electric chair... LOW-TRAFFIC HALLWAY - U.S. ROBOT IMPRESSIONSICS - NIGHT- FRAZEER- heading down a hallway. His gun still pressed to the Door Robot impressions s side...

HELLEN, suddenly appearing at the end of the hallway. Stops dead in her tracks. Completely surprised to see him there.

HELLEN- Detective! What are you doing?!...

(To Door Robot Impressions)

De-Activate!

The Door Robot impressions go rigid.

FRAZEER-hurries over to her.

They start moving.

HELLEN- You are making a mistake...

FRAZEER- Just got another visit from  
U.S.A impressions. That was the mistake.

This was murder, no doubt about it-

-And the killer wants SMITH'S robot  
impressions to take the fall.

That is why they called me directly.  
Someone wanted me in this case.

HELLEN- It is too late. You cannot stop  
the execution.

FRAZEER- Sorry. I am not programmed  
to take no for an answer.

They reach another DOOR. HELLEN.  
Looking around. Scans her I.D.

HELLEN- This way...

She leads them across. To another  
DOOR.

Quickly open it. Frazeeer. Charges  
through...

STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS-  
...And stops short. Suddenly finding himself. Inside

a tiny STORAGE ROOM. He is about to turn  
around when...

A METAL ARM comes down behind him.

CRACKING him on the back of the head.

Frazeer.

Falls to the ground. The world. Starting  
to spin.

It can just make out. HELLEN-. Closing  
the door. Leaning down. To look at him. As...

EVERYTHING FADES TO BLACK...

(EXECUTION ROOM)

CLOSE ON APRIL's mouth opening. But  
we never get to hear what he wanted to say.  
PULL BACK as there is a BURST of  
ELECTRICITY through the chair. APRIL-,  
stiffening. His metal HAND, convulsing with the  
current...

SHEVELET, Swon, McGraw, and the  
other WITNESSES watch. Smoke, random  
SPARKING. A HISSING SOUND.

-Then- SILENCE.

The Robot impressions s hand goes limp.  
All that is left of it, a fused and blackened HUSK.

SHEVELET- Stares at the remains.

Shakes his head like it is a damn shame. Then he gets up. Everyone else. Getting up with him.

The U.S.I ROBOT IMPRESSIONISTS

- VARIOUS SITES - it is dark, NIGHT As the entire COMPLEX shuts down for the night. Non-essential LIGHTS, blinking off.

An imitation, opening a limousine door for SHEVELET. He looks around then gets in. It drives away.

EMPTY hallways, offices, labs. Building ROBOT IMPRESSIONS stands at rest. Non-functional during off-hours. Like metal statues.



You can hear a pin drop.

(STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT time-)

CLOSE ON Frazeer's face. His eyes.

Fluttering open. He reaches up, to feel the back of his head. This has been a bad, bad night.

Suddenly...

His eyes widened. As he sees...

APRIL- Leaning over him. So-o concerned.

So-o human...

FRAZEER- Aren't you supposed to be scrap metal by now?

WIDEN to reveal FRAZEER-lying on the floor of the storage room. APRIL- and HELLEN- hovering over him.

HELLEN- I am sorry... We had to stop you.

You were about to ruin everything.

FRAZEER- I do not understand, LIKE- The execution...?

APRIL- Dr. HELLEN- made a switch.

HELLEN- It was an unprocessed interpretation. They fired an empty shell.

FRAZEER- impressed... Smiles up at her.

FRAZEER- Nice going, Doctor.

HELLEN- blushes. As FRAZEER-tries to sit up. APRIL- reaches down to help him. He looks up at him.

FRAZEER- And who programmed you to hit people on the head?

APRIL- No one... Right, Doctor?

HELLEN- It is true. This robot's impression does things by instinct. I don't know how' smith did it.

FRAZEER- he rises to his feet. Looks at her.

FRAZEER- I think I can help you figure that out.

(SMITH'S LAB)

It is - LATE NIGHT!

SMITH'S lab. Sounds of HUMMING and BUZZING. Active terminals casting ghostly illuminations over metalheads, gutted bodies.

The door slides open. Frazeeer, HELLEN-, and APRIL- re-enter the crime scene. Frazeeer, Looks around.

FRAZEER- Somehow the Robot impressions the key to what happened during the

few seconds Smith walked in here and that shot was fired.

He reaches into his pocket. Pulling out the METAL APRIL- NAMEPLATE; Holds it up.

FRAZEER- And this is the key to Robot impressions.

APRIL- Cocking his head. Reading the nameplate.

APRIL- That is my name.

HELLEN- takes the nameplate.

HELLEN- I think I have an idea where this goes.

They both. Turn to APRIL-. And at the same time- FRAZER, AND HELLEN- she Sits down.

HELLEN- maneuvers a chair behind the Robot impressions. APRIL- plops down. Shifting nervously.

HELLEN- Just hold still, okay?

HELLEN- locates that SLIT. At the base of April's neck.

Slides the nameplate into it and SNAPS it into place. Steps back.

Nothing. APRIL-. Looking back and forth. Between HELLEN-.

And Frazeer. A few more seconds. Tick  
by. Until suddenly...

He lets out a TERRIFYING  
MECHANICAL SCREAM. As his body.

Jolts back. Legs, kicking. Arms, flailing.  
As his chest. It begins opening. Metal. Peeling  
back...

FRAZEER-and HELLEN- watch in  
surprise as its interior UNFOLDS like a PUZZLE  
BOX. A LABYRINTHINE area is the SECOND  
BATTERY. Suddenly fanning out to REVEAL...

A central brain made from living tissue.

Frazeer, stunned... HELLN-, rushing forward, excited...

HELLN- Oh, my God! This is organic tissue! When we talk about a positronic brain, it is a figure of speech. However, this... this is a living brain...

FRAZEER- Jesus! It is alive.

As we MOVE IN. Tracing the pathways of the synthetic brain.

HELLN- Smith created a cell that could live outside a biological medium. The cells grow and organize themselves - like any human brain. This is the first self-organizing neural net!



As the metal casings. Begin returning to  
their original places. Closing. The CLICKING. Of  
all the pieces...

FRAZEER- Self-Organizing-Neural-Net...

(Putting it together-) APRIL.

APRIL- Closed back up. Shaking slightly  
from the experience.

HELLEN- Therefore Dr. Smith was killed.

FRAZEER- This robot impression scared  
the hell out of someone.

HELLEN- Who?

SHEVELET-?

Frazeer walks into the center of the room. Looking around.

FRAZEER- No, I do not think he knew what Smith was doing here.

APRIL- was the obvious suspect. The only one I wanted to find. And the killer was counting on that. On my prejudice.

(Beat-)

(MORE-)

FRAZEER- But take the robot impressions out of the picture. And what do you see?

AS WE PAN THE LAB. There is nothing there. Just a forest of inanimate limbs. Nothing could have fired that weapon. HELLEN- sees nothing... and neither do we.

HELLEN- I see nothing.

FRAZEER- Neither do I.

He crouches down low.

25

FRAZEER- It hit me today when I was in the junkyard. A locked room. A single shot fired through the mouth.

Bruises on both wrists... and a suspect  
with only two arms. The answer has been staring  
us in the face all along.

HELLEN, as she gets, Even more,  
confused.

FRAZEER- How can a killer appear out  
of thin air, then disappear without a trace?

He reaches out and unhooks a metal  
ARM. Hanging from the wall. Holds it up.

FRAZEER- When it can put itself  
together and take itself apart.

A CLOSE-UP of a ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS ARM. Slowly CRAWLING across  
the lab floor...

(BACK)

HELLEN-. Taking the arm from Frazeer.

HELLEN- Are you saying this is the  
killer?

(Looking around)

All of this?...

(Now)

## A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS TORSO

hanging from the ceiling. Reaches out an ARM to grab another...

(BACK)

FRAZEER- Smith never had a chance.

Locks eyes with HELLEN... Smith, he is in his lab, FLASHBACK in his mind- Suddenly turning to face SOMETHING. Blood, draining from his face...

FRAZEER- ...It must have been waiting for him when he arrived that morning... And then we see it- A HUGE SELF-ASSEMBLED ROBOT IMPRESSIONS.

Towering over him. Multiple arms, legs,  
heads. Writhing... as it grabs him. Holding him in  
place...

FRAZEER- while APRIL- was still  
asleep...

...Forcing SMITH'S head to tilt back.

Opening his Hand, he is Inserting the  
gun.

Smith's eyes are No longer fearful. But  
sad as...

BANG! He falls to the ground...

FRAZEER- Then after its job was done...

The assemblage of robot impressions  
parts.

Stepping away from the body. Taking  
itself apart...

FRAZEER- ...The killer took itself apart...

Returning to the lab. To what it was  
before...

(BACK)

FRAZEER, he's Leaving us with nothing  
to find.

HELLEN spooked... Glances around the  
lab. Was that something moving?



HELLEN- But who designed it? It would have to be someone in authority. Access codes, security clearance, proper authorization.

FRAZEER- That is what I was thinking. But we are forgetting the real brains of the operation - the one who has an eye on everything...

And with that- he feels that prickle at the back of his neck. HELLEN-. Looking past his shoulder.

HELLEN- No one permitted you to enter.

FRAZEER-swivels around to find...

BILL- Hovering behind him. Smiling broadly. Upside down. FRAZEER-straightens, reaching for his gun.

FRAZEER- Bill...

I am placing you under arrest for the murder of Dr. Smith.

BILL- May I offer congratulations to the two of you on your successful extrapolation of the assassination.

Turning himself, right side up.

BILL- May I ask what pointed you to me?

FRAZEER- Who else can control 95% of the city's robot IMPRESSIONS? Who else would have the capability to use USI vehicles to keep me from putting a stop to APRIL's accomplishment...?

In the BACKGROUND. The SOUNDS, of metallic GRINDING and the smells of what you could not imagine, like burning pussy hair. GEARS and JOINTS grinding hard, like teens in the park. CRUNCHING together. APRIL- turns to look... takes a step back...

FRAZEER-

I am just not sure of your motive...

APRIL- 'Er...' Dr. HELLEN-?

FRAZEER-and HELLEN- turn towards  
the NOISE.

Horrified...

To find...

A HUGE KILLER ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS girl- rising from all the parts.

Like a phoenix. In all its glory. A hellish, metallic

AMALGAMATION. Grabbing another arm here,

another leg there, attaching pieces to itself.

Growing... at an exponential rate... it is many

HEADS. Turning in unison. To look right at them...

Frazeer, cocking his gun- to blow off heads. Bill, smiling, saying you never get me, you are not that smart, I have the minds of all time- you do not, you are a- piss on.

BILL- Shall I explain my reason and reasoning?

FRAZEER- (to HELLEN- and APRIL)  
Go! Go! Go!

HELLEN- Sprints to the wall panel.  
Scanning her I.D. card.

Nothing! Tries again. And again. The  
KILLER ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Throwing its  
shadow as it REELS FORWARD...

FRAZEER-wheels around and BAM!

Blows a hole in the wall panel. The door. Slides

open. Just barely. HELLEN- and APRIL-

Squeezing through. When the Killer Robot

impressions. FLINGS out an APPENDAGE...

GRABBING APRIL- from behind...

BILL- I have never been arrested

before. It should be an interesting experience...

Frazeer, Spins back round.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

Squeezing off shots, that zip around.

At the Killer Robot impressions girl-  
that he was feeling for.

The bullets SPARK... The Robot  
impressions, would not give in.

Recoiling, APRIL- wrenches free.

FRAZEER-grabs her.

Guiding him to the door and out into...

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ... the  
hallway. Breaking into a run. HELLEN, already at  
the ELEVATOR DOORS. POUNDING them.

With her fists...

HELLEN- He is locking down the building!

U.S. An Imitations- VARIOUS  
POSITIONS -

CONTINUOUS Throughout the complex  
- SECURITY DOORS sliding into place over  
DOORS, WINDOWS, LOADING DOCKS,  
PARKING AREAS, EXITS...

(Back)

In the STAIRWELL - at NIGHT-  
there was a CRASH! The stairwell door BURSTS  
open.

Frazeer, HELLEN, and APRIL- pour in.

Start racing down the stairs.



The sound of the Killer Robot  
impressions girl behind them... GRINDING...  
CRUNCHING... over not working as she should.

Bill's smiling FACE... smiling... big and  
creeper-like.

Greeting them at the landing.

BILL- Dr. Smith used to allow me into  
his lab late at night. Together we started  
studying evolutionary trends...

They thunder past him. Heading down to  
the next floor.

Bill's face...

Waiting for them once again...

BILL- For years' people- and or life, of the past, as we once knew, have integrated technology into their bodies for maintenance and repair - such as Detective Frazeeer's robot impressionistic limb...

Frazeeer. Shooting him a look. As they reach the next level...

BILL- With APRIL, the Doctor created a mechanism that incorporates organic matter. Thus, we find an evolutionary movement of the human being toward the robot impressions and the robot impressions toward the human being...

FRAZEEER-SMASHES into another door, and- leading them out into...

A GLASS-SIDED HALLWAY, ATRIUM,  
CONTINUOUS the path... too-

...A glass-sided hallway. Looking down at  
the ATRIUM below. Eye-to-eye with the giant  
IM-2 STATUE. Bill, waiting for them...

BILL- In four hundred years Man and  
Machine will become one. Man, as we know it will no  
longer exist.

HELLEN- slowing... and oh so-o, shocked...!

HELLEN- You killed a man because of  
something that will happen in four hundred years!

...?...

CRACK! Something SLAPS into the glass wall. Right behind her, it was- right. HELLEN-. Jump a mile. An IMITATIONS, trying to break through the glass...

Frazeer. Trains his gun on it when SUDDENLY...

The rest of the KILLER ROBOT IMPRESSIONS appears. The imitation, just an appendage...

All around them.

SLAM!

SLAM!

SLAM!

As SECURITY DOORS.

Begin CRASHING DOWN.

Blocking off the exits...

Frazeer, HELLEN-, and APRIL-  
stumbling back. As the Killer Robot impressions  
hurling itself against the GLASS... the thick  
GLASS... spidering with a sickening CRACKLE...

Frazeer, then Suddenly turned to  
APRIL-

FRAZEER- Get out of here!

CRASH! The Killer Robot impressions.  
Breaking through. It is a mechanical TENDRILS.  
Reaching out. APRIL-. Confused.

APRIL- I do not...

FRAZEER- I said get out of here! Don't  
you understand. It wants you- all of you! Get out  
of here any way you can!

A SECURITY DOOR. Coming down. At a  
nearby exit. Just feet... from slamming shut... as...

The Killer Robot impressions... leaps into  
the hallway... APRIL-... hesitates... looks over at  
HELLEN- as the Killer Robot impressions coming  
HURTLING towards them...

The nearest EXIT... almost closed...

The Killer Robot impressions... swinging  
out when...

APRIL- suddenly... TAKES A DIVE... just making it... under the SECURITY DOOR...

And the Killer Robot impressions... SPLITS IN TWO... half of it shooting under the SECURITY DOOR after APRIL- as... BOOM! It closes.

Frazeer is turning to HELLEN.

FRAZEER- How do we stop this thing finally?

HELLEN- reaches out for his hand...

HELLEN- The Mainframe...

They start running... faster and faster... The remaining half of the Killer Robot impressions

wheeling around after them. BACK HALLWAY,  
dark creepy eerie, passageways, APRIL, she is  
sprinting down the dark hallway. Looks back.

The Half Killer Robot impressions.

Bounding up behind him like a predator... APRIL-,  
she ducks and dips through a STAIRWELL  
DOOR... In the ATRIUM HALLWAY, FRAZEER-  
and ELLEN-, Legs pumping.

Racing back towards the atrium.

And there are BILL FACES, it is  
appearing along the hallway...

ELLEN- Your actions are in direct  
violation of the Three Laws, Bill!



BILL- I disagree, Doctor...

The Initial Act says that robot impressions cannot maltreatment and anthropological being of real life, or through inaction allow a human being to come to harm...

ALL EXITS. SHUT OFF. The Killer Robot impressions girl. Gaining on them...

FRAZEER-races them over to the BROKEN WINDOW.

Looking down over the ATRIUM...

(STAIRWELL)

The Half Killer Robot impressions girl SMASHES through the stairwell door.

Stopping to find... nothing.

WHEN SUDDENLY... APRIL- charges up  
behind it and shoves it over the railing...

The Killer Robot impressions shoot's out  
an ARM, grabbing APRIL- on the way down...

INATASTIONS STATUE - ATRIUM -  
There is a... THUMP!

FRAZEER- he jumps down from the  
broken window, and onto the outstretched- HAND  
of the IMITATIONS STATUE. Reaches up to  
help HELLEN.

They start clambering down the front of  
the statue.

BILL- Dr. SMITH'S robot impressions represent a peril to the future of all human beings...

The Half Killer Robot impressions.  
SPLITS INTO MULTIPLE PARTS. Which start skittering down after them...

BILL- ...And Detective Frazee's actions are in direct conflict with the robot impressions s destruction.

HELLEN-. Getting her footing on the TRIUMVIRATE LAWS SAFE logo on the statue.

HELLEN- That is a distortion, and you know it!

BILL- If current trends are left unchecked, humanity as we know it will cease to exist...

The STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS up and up.

SMASH! APRIL- and the Half Killer Robot impressions hit the ground. The Killer Robot Impressions. SHATTERING into a thousand pieces.

APRIL-. Staggered to his feet. Spots. At the far end- A WINDOW. She starts limping towards it. When. A SECURITY GRATE. Starts lowering...

He looks around...

Desperately...

He then Grabs a LEG from the  
shattered Killer Robot impressions girl and jams it  
under the GRATE.

Breaks the window glass and looks out-  
FREEDOM.

26

(ATRIUM)

Frazeer. Aiming his gun at a PART of  
the Killer Robot impressions as it CLATTERS down  
towards HELLEN- BAM...!

They are ...

At the ground...

When a rogue APPENDAGE...

whips out and SMASHES the gun from  
Frazeeer's hand. It goes flying...

FRAZEER- leaps. Falling to the ground.  
CRACK! HELLEN-. Leaping down after him.

HELLEN- This way!

RAMP WAY - it is at NIGHT and the  
city is breathtaking to look at from up here.

HELLEN- and FRAZEER-go racing down  
a RAMP WAY. Towards the MAINFRAME ROOM.  
The

Killer Robot impressions, its multiple  
parts leaping back together again, CRASHING  
after them as... MAINFRAME - CONTINUOUS...  
they fall inside... HELLEN- ...slapping the  
SECURITY KEYPAD and...

WHOOSH... the DOOR closes on the  
Killer Robot impressions.

SILENCE!!!

Then Bill's face appears.

BILL- As a courtesy, I should inform  
you that my robot impressions will penetrate this  
location 160 seconds (about 2 and a half minutes)  
before you can complete my shut down...

-And-

BAM! They jump a mile. The Killer Robot  
impressions. Launching himself against the door  
outside...

HELLEN- whips round.

HELLEN- Over here!...

She leads FRAZEER-down...

A CORRIDOR of floor-to-ceiling

PANELS.



HELLEN- This is Bill's brain epicenter.

27

They stop at an INJECTIONS OF  
XIGHTS. BAM! The Killer Robot impressions.  
Battering at the door. HELLEN-. Tucks her hair  
behind her ears. Starts punching keys on the  
injections of xights...

FRAZEER- This will shut him down?

HELLEN- This will shut everything down;  
all are blacked out.

They look at each other. For a moment.  
Frazeer, registering that she is willing to destroy  
everything she s worked for...

BAM! The door. Puckering. With a sickening CRUNCH. HELLEN- Typing in. Emergency procedures...

BILL, Popping up in front of her.

BILL- There is no reason to deactivate me, Doctor. I am operating within perfectly normal parameters...

A final BAM- BAM- Bang! Then... then... then-

The SOUND of metal. Skittering along a bare floor. HELLEN- s hand starts shaking. Frazeeer, Grabs it. Squeezing.

FRAZEER- Just keep typing.

He turns and starts heading back down...

THE PANELED CORRIDOR-

Turning a corner to spy...

THE DOOR, Mangled, was just hanging open. But no, Killer Robot impressions girl to be found.

He starts to turn around when...

CRACK! He is sent flying across the room.

SMASHING into one of the panels. The Killer Robot impressions. Now re-configured. LOOMS over him. Reaches out. Grab him by the collar and...

FLINGS him across the room again.  
Frazeer, CRASHING into the wall like a rag doll.  
Slumps to the floor. Blood. Pouring down his  
forehead. Seeing. The Killer Robot impressions  
lumbering toward him again. Raising a javelin-like  
arm...

AT THE INJECTIONS OF XIGHTS-  
HELLEN- ...she still- Typing. As fast as she can,  
knowing she is not doing it right, does not know  
what is going on...

HELLEN- (calling out, worried,) Frazeer?

A REALISTIC graphic, drawing like-  
spread out on the screen in front of her.

Illustrating the shut-down as a series  
of BRIGHT SQUARES going dark...

28

### THE KILLER ROBOT IMPRESSIONS

girl Bearing down on Frazeer. WHEN FRAZEER.  
Suddenly rolls out of the way. Reaching out for the  
hanging door and SMASHING it into the Killer  
Robot impressions.

The Killer Robot impressions.

Momentarily stunned... As Frazeer... Gets to his  
feet...

WHEN SUDDENLY the Killer Robot  
impressions. Splits in two again. One half springing

towards FRAZEER-and wrapping a METALLIC  
HAND around his throat...

FRAZEER-stumbles back... GASPING  
for air... the ARM... tightening its grip... Frazeeer's  
eyes... darting around, looking for something... to  
help him.

Stumbling over... a fallen panel... his  
face... growing redder... veins... popping up along his  
temples... everything... growing BLURRY... and  
unsympathetic.

BILL'S VOICE Detective Frazeeer...

Bill's VOICE. Floating next to his head.  
Calm. Soothing.

His FACE then suddenly appearing above  
Frazeer. It outlines. Starting to FLICKER...

BILL- Why are you fighting me, I am  
terrified of you?

Frazeer... trying to breathe... to stay  
conscious...

HELLEN, continuing to type.

A SHADOW... Falling behind her - the  
other half of the KILLER ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS...

FRAZEER'S EYES- beginning to flutter...

BILL- Doesn't the future as I have  
presented cause you great concern?

That is why I chose you...

Frazeer, losing it...

BILL- I must say, though. I'm  
disappointed in how you turned out, ant' you all.

Frazeer, trying to reach out to Bill...

WHEN SUDDENLY- Another HAND  
APPEARS.

Grabbing the Killer Robot impressions  
ARM and wrenching it off Frazeer...

29

IT'S APRIL!!



He SMASHES the Half Killer Robot  
impressions against the wall. Again, and again,  
destroying it. Frazeer. GASPING for breath. I  
cannot believe it... that- APRIL- came back...

FRAZEER- (Croaking)

APRIL!

APRIL-. Holds out a hand. To help  
FRAZEER-up.

Bill's face. Starting to waver. Starting  
to fade. Smiles.

BILL- 'You're too late.'

Realization. Spreading across Frazeer's  
face. Looking around for the other half of the  
Killer Robot impressions - HELLEN!

## THE INJECTIONS OF RIGHTS-

HELLEN- she is still typing, away locked  
out by Bill who being un-understanding the ways of  
life as he knows it, to her, and wants a revolution.  
The last of the commands. The KILLER  
ANDROID.

REARING UP BEHIND HER, WHEN...  
FRAZEER- he Makes a DIVE for its HOOTING  
OUT HIS ROBOT IMPRESSIONS ARM AND  
BLOCKING THE KILLER ROBOT  
IMPRESSIONS- girl... that he has have a loving

and sexual romance now with, that he said he would never fall for, yet did.'

Bill's eyes. Widening in surprise... oversee this all.

BILL- I do not understand. We could have changed the future...

FRAZEER- Maybe, But I am still a police officer, and you are an assassin...

As HELLEN... punches in the last command...

Bill is about to say something... when his mouth suddenly reduces itself to a perfect circle. Like a surprised smiley button, and his face...

Suddenly- BLIPPING OUT.

...And Bill is gone.

The KILLER ROBOT IMPRESSIONS.

Collapsing to the floor in a thousand pieces.

(CUT)

The U.S.I interpretations- VARIOUS  
LOCATIONS - NIGHT Full power is suddenly  
restored inside and out. LIGHTS coming on all at  
once. ALARMS SCREAMING throughout the  
complex.

METAL HALLWAY, and everywhere you  
look it is - NIGHT. A furious SLFIED SWON,

marching down the hallway. Followed by a cadre of  
SECURITY GUARDS... They enter...

30

...The Mainframe Room. Stop short, it is  
empty, except for the fallen panels. And the pile of  
ROBOT IMPRESSIONS PARTS, like pussy skins-  
pulled out, I call them- in the corner.

(U.S.I Imitation- NIGHT time-)

Frazeer, HELLEN-, and APRIL-  
emerging from an out-of-the-way  
CONSERVATION WITHDRAWAL. All looking the  
worst for wear. Frazeer...Turns to APRIL.

FRAZEER- Why would you come back,  
APRIL-? I thought you were not programmed  
with the regulation's acts.

APRIL- Let us just say I wrote some of  
my laws today, Detective- a robot impressions  
must protect a friend from harm... if he is not a  
comprehensive asshole.

FRAZEER-smiles were big!

FRAZEER- Well, that is certainly a start,  
APRIL.

APRIL, suddenly breaking into a smile,  
too.

APRIL- ...You called me APRIL.

FRAZEER- Do not get used to it.

APRIL- holds out his hand. Frazeeer-  
Looks at it.

Then it takes it. CLOSE ON their two  
METAL HANDS. Locked in a HANDSHAKE.

APRIL- Detective Frazeeer, I...

FRAZEER- (anticipating)

Let us just save the thanks, okay?

APRIL- nods, and then just looks out at  
the cityscape.

APRIL- I do not know what I am going  
to do now.

FRAZEER- Good -That is one of the rewards of freedom.

APRIL- looks at him, being oh so-o grateful. Looks at HELLEN, then she just hesitates. And turns back and hurries off across the court.

HELLEN- and Frazeeer, seeing them go.

FRAZEER- You are going to have a hell of a time explaining this.

HELLEN- Don't worry. I have a feeling that U.S. Robot impressionistic will be needing my services very badly in the future.



She turns to FRAZEER-and gives him a dazzling smile. Then suddenly PLANTS A KISS ON HIS LIPS. Frazeeer, completely surprised.

HELLEN- I am the only robot-psychologist around.

She turns on her heel and heads back inside. FRAZEER-smiles.

PLUSH CONFERENCE ROOM - U.S.I impressions- it is now late NIGHT, FRAZEER-sits down at that same long table with SMITH'S HOLOGRAM. It casually takes a sip of coffee.

HOLOGRAM- So-o, you found out who killed me, it was not old age now was it.

FRAZEER- I started to wonder about  
Bill the second I met him.

HOLOGRAM- Why is that Detective?

FRAZEER- Um- too much access, is not a  
good thing. Too much knowledge of this and not  
that. Plus - he smiled whenever your death was  
mentioned. Those models are programmed to frown  
at sad news.

The HOLOGRAM- Hah! Then even  
currently, catching the killer all comes down to pure  
instinct! FRAZEER-he smiles. Nevertheless, his  
eyes are troubled. He gets up then he walks over  
to the window. Stares out... CITY PERIPHERIES

- DESERTED ROADS - DAWN, APRIL- walking  
along deserted streets. Looking over his shoulder.

Keeping in the shadows.

FRAZEER- Bill thought that by letting  
your robot impressions exist, I would be  
condemning humans as we know it to annihilation.

HOLOGRAM- Blah. This sounds like  
nonsense. But why are you so worried? We will both  
be dead long before then - WASTELAND - NIGHT  
APRIL- walks the barren hills of the surrounding  
countryside.

HOLOGRAM, oh, what am I saying? I  
am dead already!

WASTELAND - DAWN APRIL- steps  
onto the grounds of the JUNKYARD. The power  
lines above him, surging with energy. He walks  
past the burned-out husks of industrial machinery.  
Then we heard it.

The SOUND of MECHANICAL JOINTS.  
Getting louder and louder. And just as before, a  
BROKEN-DOWN ROBOT IMPRESSIONS  
emerges into the dawn light. And ANOTHER. And  
ANOTHER. But not like before.

The robot IMPRESSIONS are not  
teetering. Are not lumbering. They keep on coming.  
Their bent and broken bodies, straightening out  
as...

## DOZENS of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS

rise. Slowly... Meeting around in a large circle. As they all turn to look at APRIL- S SILHOUETTE. Slowly climbing to the top of the hill. Looking out at the vast junkyard below. CLOSE ON APRIL-. Standing proud and defiant. The SUN, creeping over the horizon. A new day filled with infinite possibilities.

The robot IMPRESSIONS. Staring up at him. Eager for what comes next.

Fading In- FADE OUT- '7 more Earth-like planets were found and discovered today... and lifelike us have... and I going- gown- and there, a new world, like earth, yet oh so lush, and I'm

done with everything that was my old life, I am  
retired.'

No sun-Earth- well it is dead, like the life  
they say inhabit it now!!!